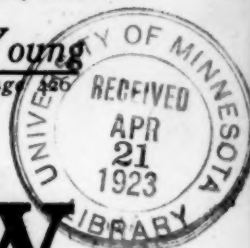


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CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 421

LEADING ARTICLES:

- Sowing and Reaping ... 424
The Government and Building
Costs ... 424
The Defeat of Municipal Ambition ... 425

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS ... 426

MIDDLE ARTICLES:

- Concerning Railway Trains.
By I. A. Williams ... 427
London Architecture. By D. S.
MacColl ... 428
A Good Point in a Bad Play.
By James Agate ... 430

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. XL:

- Sir Robert A. Sanders, Bt.,
M.P. ... 429

SATURDAY STORIES. XXIII:

- Philanthropy. By John
Galsworthy ... 431

CORRESPONDENCE:

- Some Problems and Prospects
of South Africa ... 432

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

- Equality in the Air ... 433
Rent Restriction Act ... 433

- How will it End? ... 433
The Scene and the Actor ... 434
Cruelty to Animals in North
Africa ... 434
Encores and the Beggar's
Opera ... 434
Varsity Sports ... 434
Spring-Cleaning London ... 434

REVIEWS:

- The Path to Pieces ... 435
Post Mortem ... 436
The Quaker Tailor ... 436
The Lango ... 437
A Disciple of Pater ... 438
A Woman Critic ... 438

NEW FICTION. By Gerald
Gould:

- Vanderdecken ... 439
The Wrong Shadow ... 439
The Ladybird ... 439

COMPETITIONS:

- Acrostics ... 440
Chess ... 440

BOOKS RECEIVED ... 441

GREEDY CORNER ... 441

THE WORLD OF MONEY:

- A Remedy for Unemployment.
By Hartley Withers ... 444

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Notes of the Week

EASTER, which to all Christians is the symbol of triumphant sacrifice and hope undying, brings a strange and delicious joy into the lives of men. Even bad weather at Easter is not so gloomy as at other seasons; for we know that at any rate it is "trailing clouds of glory." But

When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything

then in sunshine and recklessness we may turn our backs for a time on the troubles of politics and the problems of art, to watch nature "paint the meadows with delight." However pessimistic we may feel to-day, to-morrow at least we shall feel that "God's in his heaven" even if all's not right with the world.

THE SOCIALIST PERIL

The fear of Socialism is the beginning of wisdom, but those best versed in the affairs of this world seem most destitute of any premonition of peril. When free trade was in danger, a thousand swords leapt from their scabbards to avenge the lightest insult to the patron-saint of English commerce. But before this far greater menace there is silence. The *entrepreneur*, the merchant, the banker, sits still. When questioned he says that Socialism would play such havoc in England that it could not be tried; or he believes in the good sense of the English people. So do we. But the English people only hear one side of the argument. They hear the Snowden side. Why do they so seldom hear the Mond reply?

A LEAGUE OF OWNERSHIP WANTED

Is it because it is so complete? Or because we are so lazy or so lacking in imagination that we can't place ourselves beside the labourer and realize his lack of opportunity to learn the fundamentals of the capitalist system? But surely our advantages of education and knowledge are a trust to be exercised to protect the ignorant from those evil communications, which are hard at work corrupting their good manners and native love of truth. We should like to see a non-political league formed to counteract and dissipate the miasma of Marxian Socialism that is spreading over the country.

THE FARM STRIKE

Though, as we write, reports conflict of the actual number of farm labourers who have come out on strike in Norfolk, it is unfortunately the fact that several thousands of them are idle, and it appears only too probable that the trouble will spread into Cambridgeshire and other agricultural areas. The outlook is undoubtedly serious, particularly in view of the season, when work on the farms should be going forward briskly, with every favourable opportunity taken in this variable Spring climate of ours. This strike differs from nearly all others, and it is impossible not to feel the pathos of it. In this case there is no ill-feeling, no heart-burnings between the masters and the men; they are involved in a common harsh fate. The farmer can do no more for the farm labourer, simply because it is not in his power to do more; this the farm labourer realizes. And the farmer also knows that the wages he can give are inadequate. In this aspect the strike is not so much a strike against the farmers as a revolt of both against conditions that depress British agriculture well nigh to despair.

MUNITIONS OF PEACE AND WAR

We have always claimed that agriculture is not only the first of British industries, but that it stands, or should stand, in a class by itself. Considered merely as an industry, the amount of capital actually employed in it is well over one thousand millions sterling. The people who are directly and indirectly dependent on it are far more numerous than is generally supposed. But what thoughtful person, with the lessons of the war in his mind, really looks on agriculture merely as an industry? He sees in it something vital, something fundamental, something necessary in any wide view of national defence. In the last analysis it means food, subsistence, life. We would draw attention to the fact that, in the discussions now going on in France concerning the ratification of the Washington Treaties, the significant point is made that it took the greatest naval combination ever known to defeat fewer than two hundred submarines in their attempt—their very nearly successful attempt—to starve this island into surrender. No, it is not possible to consider agriculture as merely an industry like any other. It deserves special treatment. The farmer must be helped; and unless assistance is given to the farmer, there is precious little hope of relief for the farm labourer.

BUILDING SUBSIDIES

The difficulty of returning to the normal in politics is well illustrated by some of the fantastic suggestions that are now being put forward to facilitate the production of small houses. We are still old-fashioned enough to believe that the production of all houses should be left to the forces of demand and supply; and that the Government should limit its part to prevention of artificial raising of the prices of building materials. But if we have not sufficient courage and optimism to adopt that course, then we believe the least objectionable scheme is that of the subsidy. But the danger of the subsidy is precisely that it may tend to raise the price of building materials, which as our readers know, we think are already unwarrantably high. We therefore welcome the more the statement of the Lord Mayor of Manchester that "the moment we see an attempt to raise the price of building materials we shall stop."

DEADLOCK

How long can Industrialist Germany carry on without the Ruhr? This is the question that lies behind the visit of Herr Stinnes to Italy, whither also the Belgian Premier is bound. Coupling these visits with the well-known fact that Signor Mussolini inclines much more to the British than to the French view of the occupation, it is easy to see in these developments a certain political significance. But apart from these indications of an approach to negotiations, there is no distinct sign of any change in the Ruhr itself or in the general situation as between France and Germany. In his latest speech, Dr. Cuno, the German Chancellor, said that negotiations must be preceded by an unconditional evacuation of the Ruhr. As things stand, such a statement is not helpful either to Germany or Europe. From the military point of view, France can hold the occupied territory as long as she likes, and M. Poincaré says she will hold it until Germany has paid up. Thus, the deadlock continues. What is wanted is a concrete proposal on the part of Germany which France can consider, and which the world also can consider; for the problem is a world-problem, as well as a Franco-German problem.

THE ALLIES AND TURKEY

With commendable expedition the experts who had been dealing with the counter-proposals of the Turks, have finished their work, and this has been quickly followed by the passing, subject to the approval of the Governments concerned, of a draft reply to Angora. The celerity with which all this was done was due to Allied agreement being reached on all points in debate, and the Note which will soon be dispatched to Turkey will show that the Allied front is unbroken. Though the contents of this Note are not at present public, they embody, we understand, further concessions to the Turks, who certainly should be gratified by what they have achieved. So far as we can judge, the questions that are still left unsettled are neither numerous nor important. The Turks have undoubtedly had the best of the deal, and it is difficult to believe that there will be much longer delay in the signing of the Peace Treaty, whether at Lausanne or wherever the final conference takes place.

WASHINGTON "WITHDRAWS"

Apart from the action of France, the Washington Treaties have come into prominence this week owing to the issue by Mr. Hughes, the U.S. Secretary of State, and Mr. Roosevelt, the Acting Secretary of the U.S. Navy, of an official retraction of the statements, made by the American Government, that substantial alterations had been effected in British capital ships to improve their battle range and armament. The

charge levelled against Britain in these statements was that by "modernizing" vessels already in commission she was keeping within the letter but was breaking the spirit of the Naval Treaty. Our Government proved that there was no ground for this accusation, and hence the retraction, but the business does not show the American Government in a very pretty light. Nor is this all. The American Government has only now admitted that a report, countenanced by its officials and recently used to affect policy, that Britain had deliberately discriminated against American interests as regards oil exploitation in parts of the Empire, was founded on forged documents and was without the least justification. This is bad enough, but it is made a good deal worse if it is the case, as it is stated to be, that the American Government was aware nearly two years ago that the documents in question were forgeries, yet took no action in the matter.

FRANCE AND THE WASHINGTON TREATY

In the British Press the SATURDAY REVIEW has been almost the only paper which has steadfastly and determinedly opposed the Washington Treaties. We had good reason to believe that the origin of these treaties was to be found not, as was, and is, so widely and confidently opposed, in the pacific sentiments of the American Government or people, but in the discovery of the U.S. Naval authorities that the new ships, which were being built in accordance with the programme of expansion, would have to be scrapped because of the faultiness of their design. This being so, the obvious thing to do was to get the ships of other Sea Powers, especially of Britain, scrapped "to match." This was precisely what America accomplished at Washington. As we have frequently pointed out, the late Government and the Admiralty were far too keen in carrying out the Washington programme—with the result that the Navy is now below the One-Power standard. The treaties have been ratified by all the parties interested except France, who at the moment is debating whether to ratify them or not. It is most likely that she will make reservations if she does ratify them, but it is still possible that she may reject them altogether.

IRISH PROTECTION

We are not surprised that the Irish Free State, having thrown off the yoke of the Saxon tyrant, has also thrown off that of his fiscal system—free trade. Free trade involves direct taxation, which again involves a highly efficient department of tax collecting and a high standard of honesty amongst the taxpayers. We do not see how the Government of Southern Ireland can expect to get either. But they must have revenue. So they are falling back on protection. After all, a tax of 33½ per cent. on bicycles is a small price to pay for liberty—especially if that liberty enables you to murder your neighbour because he is not a republican, or because you covet his pig.

WAR RISK INSURANCE AT SEA

Since Imperial defence and the promotion of Empire will ere long be discussed anew by the Empire's statesmen, we return to a suggestion we threw out lately. It seems to us most desirable that some general principle of contribution, whether direct or indirect, to the defence of sea-routes traversed by the Empire's trade should be agreed upon by all units of the Empire, and much the most businesslike principle would be that whereby contributions were at a fixed rate, regarded as insurance on the value of the sea-borne trade each portion of the Empire enjoys. Failing such a general principle, contributions, whether by way of expenditure on local naval forces or otherwise, will be uneven and will be liable to fluctuate without reference to the one relevant consideration—the value of the property

insured. It is an important recommendation of our principle that it guarantees variation of the financial burden with changes in the prosperity of each contributor.

THE SOUTHERN SLAVS

At the recent elections in Yugo-Slavia the Croatian Party, of which M. Raditch is the head, secured the second largest number of seats in the Skupshtina or Diet, and as this party had gone so far as to advocate the establishment of Croatia as an independent republic, it was feared that the "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes" might be seriously threatened with division. But M. Raditch, mindful of the pressure on the frontiers of Croatia, a pressure which she would not be able to resist if she stood alone, has now pronounced for the political unity of the Southern Slavs. At a conference of his party at Zagreb (Agram) he actually called for cheers not only for Serbia but also for King Alexander. This signifies a profound change in his programme; it perhaps also indicates that the day of exaggerated Nationalism is past, or at least is passing.

EGYPT

There is no improvement to be recorded in the political situation in Egypt, but rather the reverse. It will be recalled that two or three weeks ago Lord Allenby arrested and imprisoned six leading members of the Wafd or Zaghlulist organization because they had issued a proclamation inciting the Egyptians to rise against the British. They had demanded, among other things, the abolition of martial law, and there was not the slightest doubt that their activities were destructive of law and order. Lord Allenby's action struck us as being perfectly right in the circumstances. But he has just released them, apparently unconditionally. To us this seems plain folly, and suggests nothing so much as the application of Birrellism to Egypt: everybody knows where that sort of thing leads. On the other hand, if the political situation in Egypt is bad, the financial position is good, as the budget shows a satisfactory surplus, but for this no thanks are due to the Egyptian Government.

THE TESTAMENTS OF NICHOLAS I.

In the strange and bizarre region of high politics there has always been much speculation regarding the "testaments" of great sovereigns, inasmuch as these testaments are not wills or testamentary dispositions at all, but declarations of policy held to be binding, like wills with respect to property, on heirs and successors. Of such are the reputed testaments of Peter the Great and of Frederick the Great. The testament of Tsar Nicholas I. has just been published by the *Manchester Guardian*, and it was addressed to his son Alexander II. Nicholas lives chiefly and evilly in history as the oppressor of the Poles, whose insurrection in 1830 he suppressed with the most ruthless cruelty. All sorts of curious legends had grown round this document—as probably is the case with other things of the same kind—but it is remarkable only for its uncompromising exposition of autocracy as the principle of government, and the command never to give the Poles their own way. What an ironic commentary events write on this testament of Nicholas.

SARAH BERNHARDT

Sarah Bernhardt was the last, if we except Eleonora Duse, who belongs to a later day, of the transcendently great actresses of the nineteenth century. Precedence cannot be established, but we shall perhaps not be wrong in placing her next after Rachel in a line which also includes George, Mars, Siddons, and Ristori. She had not Ristori's power of changing features, voice, and walk so that it was impossible to believe the Mary Stuart of one evening to be played by the same woman as the Elizabeth of the next. Sarah was always Sarah

whether in terror or ecstasy, hiss or coo; but she made the spectator believe that so and no otherwise must the character impersonated have been. She encouraged reproach by her persistent advertising—*réclame* was her very breath of life—by her almost equally persistent refusal to play Phèdre, her preference for the trumperies of Sardou, all those coquettings with male character—Lorenzaccio, Hamlet, Shylock, l'Aiglon, Daniel—and by her habit of tearing passion to tatters. When Rostand, at the fête organized in 1896 "to mark the apogee of Mlle. Bernhardt's career," declaimed his sonnet ending

Mais aussi tu sais bien, Sarah, que quelquefois
Tu sens furtivement se poser, quand tu joues,
Les lèvres de Shakespeare aux bagues de tes doigts

he spoke sovereign untruth and at the same time gave the measure of world-esteem. Sarah could have made nothing of Shakespeare, and she was unaware of the great playwright of her time—Ibsen. Her genius and feeling for beauty were essentially French, yet very perfectly her own. The last twenty years were one long echo of Clarion's "I am eighty-five; my heart is twenty-five." Admiration, finally, changed to pity and the reverence which the old age of a great artist must inspire.

SIR JAMES DEWAR

The late Sir James Dewar, who was born in 1842, was probably the doyen of British physicists. In his long and distinguished association with the Royal Institution he was a worthy successor to Davy and Faraday. Like them, he was remarkable for combining theoretical imaginativeness with a practical aptitude for experimental work. The research by which he is chiefly known was his long and unwearied pursuit of matter towards the absolute zero of temperature—that mysterious and still unattained point 273 degrees Centigrade below the freezing-point of water, at which it is supposed that all molecular motion would cease and the strangest things would happen. That we have now reached within about three degrees of it is largely due to the skill and perseverance with which Sir James Dewar toiled in his Albemarle Street laboratory at the liquefaction of hydrogen, which he was the first to perform with complete certainty in 1898. It is largely due to him that liquid oxygen is no longer a mere curiosity of the laboratory but a useful industrial product, that glass bulbs can be exhausted by the use of cooled charcoal with a perfection previously unknown, and that airships can be filled with the incombustible gas helium by such as need not count the cost.

Greedy Corner

REPLIES TO QUERIES

As the Gastronomic Critic must have time to eat, as well as to write about eating, if only in order to keep his knowledge up to date, and as letters of inquiry, sometimes necessitating answers of considerable length, are now coming in at the rate of over a dozen a day, we are obliged to alter our method of providing information for readers. In future, replies will be given through a column reserved for that purpose at the end of this REVIEW. Coupons and the names and addresses of inquirers will still be required, but replies will be to initials or a pseudonym selected by each. Stamped envelopes need not henceforth be enclosed with queries. This week inquiries are invited for fish recipes, indicating clearly the kind of information that is needed and whether for an establishment with a cook under notice for incompetence or for one with a capable cook desirous of taking advice. It is useless to send elaborate recipes where the zeal of master or mistress is not shared in the kitchen. On the other hand, an amateur can do quite well, as regards fish, with nothing more scientific than a soup-plate placed on the top of a saucepan of boiling water, fish, some condiments, and patience.

SOWING AND REAPING

THE strike of agricultural labourers in Norfolk is, in its ultimate cause, the dismal outcome of long and shameful neglect. We do not mean neglect of the labourer or his family but neglect of the land. The immediate reasons for the strike are the alleged inability of the farmers to pay the present wage, and the alleged inability of the labourers to live on less; but the fundamental reason, the reason why the farmers find themselves in such a position that they must either reduce wages or go bankrupt, lies much deeper—in the short-sighted agricultural policy, or lack of policy, of successive governments for the last seventy years. As a result, agriculture in England to-day finds itself almost on the verge of ruin; and the present strike, should it spread, may well be the means of pushing it over the edge. The actual issue involved in the dispute is of small importance compared to the whole question of English agriculture. Twenty-five shillings for a fifty-four hour week certainly seems a small wage. In considering it, however, we have to remember that conditions of labour are very different in the country from the towns; that the means of livelihood are eked out in the case of the agricultural labourer by farm produce and the produce of his own garden or allotment; that the wages of farm workers are on a much higher level now, proportionately to the cost of living, than ever before, except for a short period of undue inflation immediately following the war; and that, whatever we or anyone else may think about it, the plain and unpleasant fact confronts us that many farmers are already paying wages out of capital, and that some alleviation of their case is essential, not in the interests of this party or that, but in the interests of English agriculture, and indeed of the nation as a whole. No one, we imagine, desired the present deadlock, beyond a few hot-headed agitators well known to the farming community in Norfolk. Strike pay of twelve shillings a week is a miserable pittance, and the labourers have our sympathy. They undoubtedly put themselves in the wrong by calling a strike before a reply to their offer of a three-months' truce had been received from the farmers, though that offer was eventually refused. The farmers presumably felt themselves unable to dally any longer with a matter affecting their very existence, unless it was that previous bitter experience had taught them not to put their trust in governments, a step which was rendered necessary under the terms of the "truce." It is supposed to be the peculiar privilege of the English farmer to grumble and make out a bad case for himself, but in this instance he has shown himself to be eminently reasonable. When it became clear to the Farmers' Union that the men would not accept their terms, they repeatedly put forward alternative offers. The answer to each of these was the same; and in the face of such intransigence all efforts for agreement were bound to be unsuccessful.

But, as we have stated, this is no occasion for taking sides. This is a matter affecting the nation as a whole, a much wider and graver affair than a squabble between a few farmers and their employees, and it is necessary to examine it from a national standpoint. Regarded in this light, what do we find? We find, first of all, that agriculture has not moved with the times. Farmers are a conservative class, and they have not always shown that enterprise and willingness to improve their methods in the light of modern research which are necessary to get the maximum of benefit with the minimum of toil. They could learn something from the Dutchman and the Belgian, and particularly from the Dane. They could do much that is not done in the way of co-operation, especially in regard to transport. It is high time that transport rates were reduced. The railways are about to make some reduction—we hope a considerable one—and the

farmers can lighten the heavy burden put upon them by high freightage by co-operation in the employment of motor transport. But in the main the trouble lies, as we have indicated, in the neglect with which agriculture in this country has been treated by the representatives of the State. The present strike is a pathetic and deplorable commentary on our national improvidence. Agriculture is our first line of defence, yet we are more miserably unprepared on the land even than in the air. Every acre of wheat-growing soil in England is a munition factory, every granary an arsenal; and we are as a nation so poorly armed that, in the event of foreign sources failing, the supply of ammunition available from our own factories and arsenals would barely suffice to keep us fighting for a month.

How, then, may this very serious menace be removed? Partly, in the manner indicated, by the farmers themselves; but more particularly by the State. It is ridiculous, for instance, that land devoted to producing food should be rated on the same scale as land devoted to catering for the amusement of the public—shall we say, by a cinema? The State will have to make some concession to farmers to enable them to continue their very necessary work at a profit. It might be done by means of a direct subsidy, or, as would be more useful and less open to abuse, through establishing a system of credit, lowering rates, ordaining special terms for the transport of agricultural produce, and so forth. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW are sufficiently aware of our wholesome disapproval of State aid; but if agriculture be our first line of defence, why should it not be subsidized? In our opinion it might reasonably figure in the yearly Estimates, to a limited figure, along with the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force.

There remains the question of the middleman, into which we have not now the space to enter. But the subject of agriculture must be faced, not from this aspect or that, but as a whole. A constructive Agricultural Policy—a thing unknown in this country, so dependent upon agriculture, since the Repeal of the Corn Laws—must be speedily formulated and faithfully pursued.

THE GOVERNMENT AND BUILDING COSTS

THE announcement made in Parliament that the Government have decided to set up a Committee to watch the course of prices in the building trade and to keep the Government accurately informed of their movements, will, we hope, be followed by something more than the delivery of a watching brief. But Mr. Neville Chamberlain's answer on March 26 to a question put in the House of Commons, on the subject of the powers of the proposed Committee, was cautious and non-committal. At the beginning of this month we drew attention in these columns to the high costs of building, and to some of its causes, and in particular to the Reports made so long ago as 1921, by a series of Government Committees, on the subject of rings and combines in building materials, and their effect on prices. We also drew attention to the toll levied by the builders' merchants, in the shape of large percentage rebates allowed to them by manufacturers. The Reports on rings and combines, and on rebates to merchants, as fixed with associations of merchants, were referred to by a Departmental Committee which reported, also in 1921, on the high cost of building working-class dwellings. But there the matter appears to have rested. The work of the new Committee will no doubt depend on its powers and the terms of reference, so it is to be hoped that they will be sufficiently wide and inclusive to enable the Committee to produce really useful results.

The public will be concerned to know the outcome of the new Committee's watch on the course of prices, and whether the Government will take action on the

Reports which we presume will be made by it from time to time. The question of Government action, or interference with the ordinary and normal course of business, and the extent to which this may go usefully, without making the remedy worse than the disease, is always a difficult one. Moreover, the country has had so much control during the war, and since, that the general disposition of the public is to have as little as possible, or none at all, if it can be dispensed with. The producers of houses, in the widest sense, consist of the necessary capitalist, the producer of materials, the master builder, the architect, and the operative (both building operative and material-producing operative). To these have to be added those engaged in the import, transit and distribution of materials; and, lastly, we have the middleman or builders' merchant. The capitalist expects a fair interest on his capital, the builder a fair profit on the houses erected, the architect reasonable fees for his professional skill, the manufacturer a fair profit on his production, and the operative such a wage, for good industry, as will afford him a reasonable standard of life. It is round all these factors that the proper adjustments will have to be made if houses are to be produced at a cost and at rents which are not prohibitive.

Operatives must be prepared to put their full energies into work, and give a fair return for their time wages, if they are not prepared to accept piece rates; and they must consider some reduction in wages, as indeed we believe they are not really unwilling to do, the real difference between them and the masters being as to the amount of the reduction. Concession in regard to their strict rights under the agreement will be made up for, partly at all events, by more constant employment. But this spirit must be shared by all connected with the industry. Artificial methods of keeping up prices by cornering supplies, such as are employed by rings and combines, will have to be countered, and all unnecessary costs of distribution done away with. The necessity for the existence of the builders' merchant will have to be examined, and if he turns out to be an unnecessary excrescence, the surgeon's knife must be invoked. If he is proved a necessary evil, or if he fills a useful purpose, his profits will have to be examined and audited. The reign of the middleman has gone in many industries, and it may be that he is an anachronism in the supply of building materials also. At present he is strongly entrenched behind rebates, allowed by the manufacturers to him alone, and secured by agreements between Associations of Merchants and Manufacturers.

We notice that an evening newspaper, which lately has given some prominence to the question of the cost of building materials and its causes, and has referred to the merchant in this connexion, has published under the title of 'Housing Costs and "Rings,"' portions of a letter from the Secretary to the National Federation of Builders' Merchants Associations, claiming that the builders' merchants have been "clearly absolved from all responsibility for the present state of affairs." He further claims that they are indispensable to the proper carrying on of the trade, and he adds that provided this fact is appreciated they welcome the fullest ventilation in the Press. We have not hitherto seen any authoritative pronouncement of the clear absolution of the builders' merchant, as claimed, nor can we accept as a postulate his indispensability to the trade; but the new Committee will no doubt afford him an opportunity of proving both propositions. It will also be able to examine the correctness of the allegations which have often been made by the master builders, that they are placed at a disadvantage as regards prices of materials, as compared with large concerns carrying out their own building operations.

We welcome the action of the Government in appointing the Committee as announced, but repeat the hopes we have expressed as regards its sequel.

THE DEFEAT OF MUNICIPAL AMBITION

GOOD government, as the moderns understand it, was invented in Germany in the last century. Before that time good government meant something different and simpler. It recognized the fallibility of the governors, and tried, within reason, to rescue the governed from their ministrations. Nowadays the boot is on the other leg. It is the fallibility of the governed which is stressed and the consequent necessity of placing him more and more under the control of the governors. To this end the governors have entrenched themselves behind an almost impregnable *chevaux de frise*, which they call popular election. There are so many local bodies frequently requiring re-election that a compact company of busy-bodies or logrollers, counting on the ignorance or apathy of the electorate, can usually ensure its return at the head of a poll in which only a minority record their votes. These amiable ladies and gentlemen, for the most part honest, benevolent and silly, are the natural prey of Socialists and bureaucrats. The first see an opportunity of extending their theory; the second of increasing their power; both of augmenting their importance. This process, pretty and idealistic at first, becomes more and more complicated and expensive as time goes on. To the municipal voter's felicity of owning his own light and transport systems, new felicities are constantly being added; until drunk with happiness the poor man, hitching his ragged mantle, is compelled to shift to a "less expensive neighbourhood."

It is on these less expensive neighbourhoods that the eye of the bureaucrat has long been cast. Let the harassed ratepayer take refuge never so far from the scene of his daily work—by Epsom Downs or Waltham Cross—the bureaucrat will get him at last. For the moment, however, he has been foiled. Let Sunbury rejoice and the daughters of Chislehurst be glad. Lord Ullswater, Sir Albert Gray and the other signatories of the majority report of the Royal Commission on the Local Government of Greater London have saved them. For the present they are still to be left outside the municipal paradise which is called the County of London. If these fortunate persons will study the report of the Royal Commission, published on March 21 last, they will see from exactly what they have been saved. Entirely in the interests of greater efficiency, of course, the County Council sought to extend its jurisdiction over an area "not larger than London and the Home Counties." It was apparently prepared to accept something considerably less, namely, the area of the Metropolitan police district. They have obtained, we are glad to think, neither one nor the other.

The majority of the Commissioners were of opinion that no greater efficiency or economy in the administration of local government services in London and the surrounding districts would be attained by any alteration of the existing system on the lines proposed by the London County Council, or suggested by other witnesses. Nor did they find that any evidence had been adduced of a general lack of efficiency of economy in the administration of the districts surrounding London. On the contrary, the Commissioners found that the weight of evidence was against the view that any advantage to these districts would accrue from their inclusion in a new form of centralized government. Finally they were of opinion "that the result of any such changes as were suggested by the London County Council might be to increase the cost of local government administration."

It is precisely this increase of cost that local authorities too seldom balance against any increase in their own authority and importance. Though there may be those who prefer the exotic embellishments of Battersea to the simple beauty of the royal parks, there can be no two opinions as to which is the more expensive. London is growing fast enough. It already possesses sufficient problems of complexity.

Why seek to inaugurate new and colossal schemes? The environments of London, which Disraeli considered the most beautiful of any city except Constantinople, have their own local patriotism, ideas and requirements. They have, often enough, a continuous history which stretches back centuries behind the modern County Council of London. When that august body was seeking a motto, Lord Rosebery suggested: "The charm of the place holds us." This was rejected in favour of some more commonplace Latinity. But the charm of the place still holds the inhabitants of that salubrious and beautiful country which surrounds the monstrous growth and huddle of buildings which we call London. We hope that charm may long continue to enjoy autonomy, both for the sake of its inhabitants and of the Londoners who go there in search of quiet and beauty.

We are aware that the London County Council is an economical body compared to many of the metropolitan borough councils, and that it has done much admirable work in difficult and often disheartening circumstances. But we feel that there is danger of its falling in love with those abstractions, co-ordination and efficiency, which too often are only bureaucracy and extravagance writ large. We should have thought it might have been content with the care of a larger number of citizens than has ever before acknowledged the administration of any single municipality, however ancient and however public-spirited: that it would have preferred to increase the charms of the place it already governs, rather than to drag within its tentacles those who, in obedience to the immemorial behest of poets, philosophers and satirists, prefer the joys of the country, or have escaped there, to breathe air that is both purer and cheaper.

A Pilgrim's Progress

London, March 28, 1923

THE first volume of Mr. Winston Churchill's war book, 'The World Crisis, 1911-1914,'* has come into my hands; and it is saying a good deal to say that it has not disappointed me. It was bound to be good; one knew that. Mr. Winston Churchill is a writer as well as a statesman. He sees things with the detached eye of the historian, even when he himself is involved in them; and he has a style which, while it would prove intolerable in an essayist or a writer of imaginative works, is not too artificial and rhetorical for the high level of his flights in dealing with a gigantic piece of world history. It is fortunate indeed that such a man should have been in the position of First Lord of the Admiralty from October, 1911, to May, 1915; that he should thus have been in the very storm centre of the forces that convulsed the world. I deem it fortunate too, now that I have read this book, that the accident of political strife threw him out of office and Parliament at a time when he was engaged on this great work, and so provided him with the leisure and detachment necessary to do it justice. The more I have considered the naval aspect of things from 1914 to 1918, the more highly I am inclined to rate Mr. Churchill's work at the Admiralty during the years preceding the war; and I think that it will come to be more and more recognized. But it is a double stroke of luck that he should have the pen and the art to tell the story of those years in a way that is worthy of the destiny with which they were crowded.

This first volume takes us up to the end of 1914. It deals with the war at sea, with the war in France (and especially the operations round Antwerp for which Mr. Churchill was largely responsible), the work of organization at the Admiralty, and the European currents and movements that preceded and led up to the war. The first two chapters, 'The Vials of Wrath'

and 'Milestones to Armageddon' are not only the best things in the book, but they are by far the finest essay that I have seen written or attempted in any language dealing summarily with European history from the Victorian to the Georgian period. Here, indeed, Mr. Churchill lets himself go in the grand manner. His style is based on that of Macaulay: that is to say, it is rhetorical and appeals to the eye and ear rather than simply to the intelligence. In my opinion, however, he uses it as well as, if not better than, Macaulay himself; and nobody can deny that the theme is sufficiently grand for the highest flights of eloquence which a writer is capable of sustaining. It is only fair to Mr. Churchill to say that he does sustain his flight; that he not only sees his subject steadily, and sees it whole, but that he almost sings it like an epic. With an enthusiasm that betrays the American strain in his blood, he revels in the scale of the *débâcle*. He rolls the gigantic sums of money, of tonnage, of human lives upon his page; he savours hugeness like a dainty; and when he writes of carnage or battle, he dips his pen in blood. But he never for a moment loses his grip of the subject, or his sense of ever-marching destiny; and he never fails to thrill the reader with the sense of the human tragedy lurking in its every step. In this sense his work is classical. It is by far the finest thing he has done, and if there were any doubt about his grasp and equipment in statesmanship, this book would dispel it. In my opinion it places him in the very first rank of British historians; and I think it places him in very nearly the first rank of British statesmen.

* * *

I saw a certain amount of Winston Churchill during the first period of the war, in which he reigned at the Admiralty; and I took a humble personal part in some of the stirring events which he describes so dramatically from the point of view of one who looked upon them sitting in the centre of the wireless spider's web in the Admiralty. He does not hesitate to defend himself from the many criticisms which have been levelled at him; and it need hardly be said that the defence he puts up is very effective, and in some cases final and convincing. But there can be no doubt that he and Lord Fisher a little intoxicated each other, and it was strange to go from the room of one to that of the other, as I did once or twice, and note the effect of these two strong minds in coupled action and reaction. It is not the least of the many great things that Winston Churchill did in his years of office that he was able to bring back Lord Fisher to the Admiralty—a force hitherto untamed and untamable—and harness his mighty strength to the task that had to be done, while yet restraining it within the bounds of what was possible. It is a great story, this; and I like to read about it in Mr. Churchill's pages.

* * *

Only in one matter is Mr. Churchill a little at fault; and it is the more important because his authority will be practically unquestioned, whether he is right or wrong. In his account, however, of the operations at sea on December 16, 1914, when Hartlepool and Scarborough were raided, he is guilty of several inaccuracies, apparently because the official has overborne the historian in preferring official sources to the narratives of eye-witnesses. Yet no one knows better than Mr. Churchill that official documents were sometimes modified for purposes other than historical accuracy. He quotes with apparent admiration Sir Julian Corbett's Official History; though from the point of view of those who were present, its treatment of the early North Sea actions is both feeble and inaccurate. Mr. Churchill, if he chose, had my account† and my chart of the operations on December 16 upon which to draw; they contain the only authentic accounts of that action, and their essential accuracy has never been challenged. They have been used by the German historians as the basis

† 'With the Battle Cruisers.' By Filson Young.

* Butterworth. 30s.

for their narratives; and yet, although Mr. Churchill quotes the Germans, he ignores the simple facts set forth in my chart, which was plotted at the time by the most brilliant navigating officer in the battle cruiser fleet. I was at sea and on the bridge with Admiral Beatty during the whole of that day; and it does seem to me that if you were writing, for example, about the battle of Trafalgar, and had the narrative of an eyewitness who was with Nelson during the whole of it, it would be rather feeble to go for inaccuracies to the Official History.

* * *

But these are faults which probably only naval officers will notice. They do not greatly impair the splendid quality of the book. In any case my object in writing about it here is to call attention to its quite exceptional and noble merits, and not to point out small faults. It must be the subject of a more extended review in these pages; in the meantime I wish to lose no time in recommending it as a book that really ought to be in every British household, and read and studied by the rising as well as by the falling generation. It does raise the most profound questions in the mind as to how far the governors of modern states have been and are equal to the tremendous tasks imposed on them by the complexities of modern civilization. It is a book which must be read, as it has been written, with intellectual sincerity and courage.

F. Y.

CONCERNING RAILWAY TRAINS

By I. A. WILLIAMS

AS a man advances in life he thinks progressively less and less about railway trains; which is, to my mind, a pity. At the age of six every boy (with the notable exception of myself, for I was singular in never cherishing this fine, romantic ambition) decides that he will be an engine driver when he grows up. At the age of fourteen he has usually dropped the idea of making railway engines his professional interest, but often he is still attracted by them, and will stand for hours on a convenient railway bridge making notes of the numbers of the locomotives he sees. At twenty-one nobody thinks anything at all about trains, and but few minds in later life re-adopt the railway line of thought.

Yet there are many important things to be observed about railway trains. One such is the curious faculty trains have of taking on the character of their place of immediate origin. How rural a thing, how quaintly un-metropolitan, is a railway compartment, when we enter it at some country station! How the air of the country clings about its cushions—on through the outer suburbs, past Clapham, or Vauxhall, or New Cross, or what not, and right on even into the gloomy halls of the terminus! Not until we have set foot upon a London platform do we finally shed rusticity from us, and even then we cast a look back over our shoulders to the train, the countrified train, half-expecting to see roses clambering round the doors of the carriages. But let us, on its outward journey, take that very same train, and, though we travel in it a hundred miles, nay, three hundred, it will still seem to us filled with the bustle, the noisy change, the sophistication, of Town; and we shall not be able to feel that we have left London behind us until we have also left behind that particular, and now Cockney, railway carriage, that is on this journey as reminiscent of Bow Bells as, on that other journey, it was of blue ones.

Of what unsuspected places, too, does one discover the existence when one travels by train. There is, in particular, one little town, or big village, with the most lovely white-fronted houses which I see as I go to Cambridge from Liverpool Street station. Never have I seen the beauty of that place referred to; no one has ever advised me to go there; but go there I shall, some day, to verify and amplify the fair glimpses I

have had from the train. There are also the quite large towns of which one has never heard, and among them is one that is an especial mystery to me—Southall. Now Southall is, to all appearances, a large and flourishing town, only some ten miles from London—almost a suburb, indeed. I have no wish to seem disrespectful to Southall or to its inhabitants. But who ever heard of it? Do we ever meet anyone who says "I am going to Southall for the week-end"? Do we ever hear, of some great man, that he was born at Southall? Do they ever have a by-election there? Is a murder ever committed there? Is there ever, even, a funny remark made in the Southall police court and reported in one of those "snappy pars" in the *Evening News*? None of these things ever happens. Thirty thousand persons live at Southall, and yet, save when going out of London from Paddington, I have never, to the best of my recollection, been conscious of Southall's existence. It is a railway town, that might have, for all the noise it makes in the world—or in my world—no being save a periodical appearance outside the windows of certain railway carriages.

The fact is, I suppose, that this is only one instance of the general truth that the best way of seeing England is now to travel by train. There was a time, I imagine, when the road was the best place from which to see the country. But the motor car has changed all that. The main roads have become almost entirely urbanized and deprived of their pristine character. Everywhere are cars and char-à-bancs whizzing along, or stopping for repairs or for lunch, frightening bird and beast, destroying the wayside flowers, leaving scattered in their places soiled copies of the *Daily Mirror* or *John Bull*. The main roads, nowadays, are petrol-soaked no-man's-lands, winding untidily through the country. Once perhaps the railways were something of the same sort—*mutatis mutandis*, of course. But the spirit of the country has grown accustomed to the railway train, and has realized this fundamental thing about it—that it never stops between stations. No railway passenger in reality ever got out and picked flowers, or robbed a bird's nest, or killed any little furry beast. And the result is that a train now passes through the very heart of the country without exciting the slightest interest in man, beast or bird. The labourer does not look up from his turnip-hoeing to stare at the passing train. The rabbits graze unconcerned upon the embankment sides, the pheasants stand pecking at the edges of the copses, even grouse will continue feeding on the heather shoots, and the heron will go on with his fishing. All this within a few feet, or a few yards, of the train—roaring, rattling, belching steam and ashes, and carrying inside it five hundred human beings, every one of whom is, like the famous inn sign, a "Man loaded with mischief" to birds and beasts.

Not only in the country is a train a good point of vantage. Townsfolk also think nothing of the railway passenger who passes within a few feet of their windows, overlooks their back-yards, glances in at their open doors. No adult dweller by the railway-side ever thinks, for a moment, that a train-load of passengers is a train-load of human beings, each with eyes to see him, observe his manner of life, and ponder him and his doings. He is completely indifferent, completely natural in his actions, as the train goes by. He has grown accustomed to it, and has forgotten, what may once, when he first came to live by the railway, have troubled him, that someone in the train may possibly have some connexion with him. The possibility that Brown, whom he knows and dislikes, may even now be looking at him, and studying him in his most unguarded moments, never enters his mind. But Brown may be there all the same; and even when Brown is not there, there am I looking at the houses, and their inmates, as they are borne past me in that sudden, transient propinquity, and marvelling once more at the different kinds of people that there are in the world.

LONDON ARCHITECTURE

By D. S. MACCOLL

THE Royal Institute has made efforts of late, by lectures and exhibitions, to bring the art of architecture into general discussion. Mr. J. C. Squire has helped by giving a place to regular criticism in *The London Mercury*, and by the foundation of the Architecture Club. Its first exhibition at Grosvenor House shows good photographs and a few models of English work of the last twenty years, and all loiterers who care for architecture should see it before it closes on April 7.

Like most exhibitions, it is at once too big and too small. Too big because it includes a good deal that would be better away. Too small because there are no plans. In most cases we can only judge a building from its outside, but if people are to be trained to exercise judgment in the art, it is from the plan the study should begin; for good plans are the fruitful source of good fronts.

Let us test some of the biggest London ventures, "monuments," as the French would call them, from this point of view. First comes the London County Hall, with a first-rate site and no expense spared. Its most striking external feature is the concave front of the main building. This arises from nothing in the interior planning and is adopted for its own sake. Does it justify itself by its beauty? Not completely: the architect, through inexperience, set a high-pitched roof upon the curve, and in perspective it goes wrong. The Council Chamber, again, suffers from too much "architecture" at the cost of audibility and visibility, the first essentials in such a room. There are the makings of an architect in Mr. Knott; some happy choices in proportion and material; but we do not get the same pleasure from crossing Westminster Bridge as we do on Waterloo Bridge from the perfect disposition of Chambers's Somerset House.

Another building on a big scale is Sir John Burnet's addition to the British Museum. If the planning of the galleries does not satisfy the museum officials, there is not the same contradiction here between plan and elevation, and the elevation is a fine exercise in Ionic colonnading, marred by the central feature, a small entrance which appears to have been an afterthought, and has not hitherto been used. There is a model of this at Grosvenor House.

A third big structure is the "Bush Building" on the island site at Aldwych, by an American architect, Mr. Corbett. I am puzzled by its main internal feature, a great hall, and the blocking of daylight by the chief external "feature," the doorway facing north. Otherwise it is an example of a building depending on its big masses for effect. The cliff-walls, honeycombed with windows, are left plain, and the "feature" I have spoken of is the chief mistake. Here is straightforward, if not very interesting, stuff.

The Port of London Authority's building at Tower Hill masks a kind of Pantheon office with a sculpture-tower over a portico, more pretentious than beautiful. The lovely old Trinity House beside it refuses to be crushed.

London is being rebuilt on a new scale, such as the architects of Paris and the United States are accustomed to. If the "Bush Building" is a first American invasion, there has been a French influence in the work of Messrs. Mewès and Davis, in the *Morning Post* office, Ritz Hotel, Automobile Club, etc., and natives like Messrs. Norman and Trehearne have had their fling in Aldwych and Kingsway. With some of these buildings and with the structures of the great multiple stores and drapers, a new problem arises. There is a demand for a greater area of glass, whether for display on the street level or for lighting the upper floors. Modern ferro-concrete construction makes it possible to provide this area with a minimum of vertical and horizontal obstruction, and the stone-work

of the fronts is rather a concession than a necessity. The earliest solution was to poise the building apparently on the plate-glass of the ground floor. That was too shocking to the eye, and Norman Shaw attempted in Regent Street to impose on the shopkeepers a more modest area of display. But this does not satisfy the hordes of women who drift along the drapers' windows with eyes glued upon the chaos of goods within; and nothing will persuade the shopkeepers that it is more effective to put a few choice objects in a window behind small panes, as Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer do in their old tobacco-shop; there is, moreover, the real problem of lighting the vast back-shop. The general compromise now is a skeleton consisting of fairly wide vertical piers crossed by horizontal metal floors, either showing as metal or faced with stone. Mr. Selfridge's vast establishment adopted the former alternative. But here again there was too much "architecture." I have argued more than once that the "phrasing" of a front by means of an "order" is not only a permissible, but almost inevitable, device if the monotony of rows of window-holes is to be avoided. But the advanced strip of wall, the pilaster, is more reasonable a device than a row of columns, which looks like a temple-portico crushed against the wall. In the Selfridge building the columns, beginning on the first floor, are, especially in perspective, too heavy for the piers below, and are clumsy in themselves. One would think that such a lesson would have been taken to heart. But exactly the same mistake is being made in the rebuilding of Oxford Circus. Moreover, the colonnade, as the model at Grosvenor House illustrates, jumps to a different level on the street façades. The detail, here again, is poor and heavy, and in this type of building the trifling balconies, with heavy supports, are a tiresome feature. Messrs. Dickins and Jones's new building, over the way, is even less exemplary than Messrs. Peter Robinson's. It launches out into Greek frets and Egyptian detail and terribly "original" capitals.

The drapers, in fact, do very little to help the look of London. The buildings dealt with at least make use of that admirable if costly material, Portland stone. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have followed the bad lead of the Savoy Hotel—employing a kind of glazed earthenware, and Messrs. Lyons, the restaurateurs, are doing the same. It is possible to conceive a town built throughout in such a material, treated according to its nature. It is durable and sanitary, and might have its own beauty. But in the midst of stone buildings to set up those imitations of stonework that will not weather is to be unneighbourly. And if the white variety is unkind, what are we to say of the horrible colour of the Tube Stations? That villainous vinous chocolate, clashing with strident blue and white, adds a superfluous disagreeable to the pains of travel. Here was a chance to do a multiplied service to the look of London streets, and the cinema theatres are not more vulgar.

There are examples on the credit side: Messrs. Heals' building by Smith and Brewer for one, and Messrs. Lilley and Skinner's adoption of the Adams tradition of Stratford Place. This use of ordinary brick with stone facings might be extended. Among recent Government buildings there is some good work ("Woods and Forests" in Whitehall, Public Trustee's office in Lincoln's Inn Fields), respectable work of the recovered English tradition in banks, insurance offices, clubs, and so forth, and a great deal of that same tradition in domestic work. But that would require a long survey. The day is gone of mouldy stucco, red brick with black joints and terracotta mouldings, Venetian Gothic and a number of other plagues. The level of sanity and of a sober plainness, with concentrated ornament, rises. When we begin to design streets as well as houses, another step will be won. The immediate test of us as a big city is what we shall do about Charing Cross Bridge. But that I must return to.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, No. 40

SIR ROBERT A. SANDERS. BT., M.P.

A GOOD POINT IN A BAD PLAY

BY JAMES AGATE

Beltane Night. By Vera Beringer. Aldwych Theatre.

FIRST let me acknowledge the justice of several communications rebuking me for aspersions which a careless sentence in this column last week threw upon the character of Sisera. I agree that I should have written Jael, and plead, not so much a slipping pen, as an attack of influenza and consequent lowness of spirit in which I could not have distinguished Judith from Holofernes.

It is a mistake, perhaps, to insist that a play must be definitely labelled good or bad; the great thing is that it shall not be just middling. 'Beltane Night' is never that; it is an amateur's play, compact of obvious faults which a professional hand would have smoothed away, and of virtues which that leveller would have smothered. Take that scene in which a young girl meets for the first time the father of her dead fiancé. Whatever the playwright's standing, there is no reasonable doubt as to what the girl must do; it is what she shall say that is the difficulty. Shall she, lifting her sobbing head, declare that she loved the boy beyond the limits of the credible, that she would have made him a good wife, that this is her punishment for over-joy, etc., etc.?

These are the things which the professional playwright believes must always be true because professional playwrights have always deemed them so, a line of reasoning which seems to me to be as logical as that of the ready-made tailor who advertises ten thousand "distinctive" suits of the same pattern. But Miss Beringer still cherishes the amateurish notion that a character on the stage should say the kind of thing which would actually be said in real life. Therefore her young woman's first words are: "He made everything such fun." Inasmuch as this is exactly the impression which the young man himself has created on our minds the sentence rings extraordinarily true, and prepares us for a long colloquy as sincere and moving as it is, in the theatre, unexpected.

Possibly not all the credit here belonged to the dramatist. Mr. Sam Livesey is one of those actors whose excellence varies directly with his part. Give him as framework a few truthful sentences, and he will create an unmistakable human being; but let a false note creep into the text and he dissolves to nothing. I cannot remember an actor with so little power of bluff as Mr. Livesey, about whose affirmations, in this play there was an almost Quakerish honesty. We believed in his rather "tall" talk of affection for his son; we believed in certain little matters of telepathy and psychic vision, simply because the character professing these experiences spoke as simply of them as an honest man so afflicted would speak. When this father said: "There was no room even for God between my boy and me. He'll know that's meaning no disrespect, being a Father Himself," we assented to a cry from the heart. When the motherless girl said something which in cold print probably looks rather silly: "Father, I think you must be just like a mother," we, in the theatre, felt not only that no apter tribute could have been paid to the actor's tenderness, but that this is exactly what the girl would have said at that moment. In a word, the actors held us for just so long as the seeming commonplaces of the dialogue were those in which people speaking under strong emotion naturally abound. But when Mr. Livesey asked Miss Carey to contemplate the stars and suggested that robust Mr. John Williams—whom we had seen ten minutes before in nicely-creased tennis trousers and a smart sports jacket—was looking at her through their eyes, why, then we knew very well that he wasn't doing anything of the sort, that the amateur had gone over to the professional concocter of "literary" phases. And at once Mr. Livesey came down with a bump.

And when, later, he proposed to spend a month as a visitor in a country house with the object of entrapping his hostess into a confession of murder over afternoon tea, why, then we knew that Miss Beringer had been reading the Sunday newspapers and had imbibed their spirit but not their verisimilitude.

As soon as I hear the word "psycho-analysis" on the stage I give myself and the play up for lost. It seems to me as unlikely that a playwright will be an expert in a peculiarly recondite branch of medical science as that a consulting physician will be an expert in writing plays. I can believe in Macbeth, Lady Macbeth and, at a pinch, Crippen, simply because I have to. But I have not got to believe in a Lady Macbeth complex, and I won't. I will not believe that a sane and normal woman, brought up by a grandmother, name of Gruach, to believe that she is descended from Lady Macbeth, will murder a young man who happens to stand between her and some new cretonnes for the drawing-room. (Nor, incidentally, that a famous Harley Street specialist will experiment with a galvanometer on his hostess after dinner, and talk at random until the chance word "murder" rings the bell and returns the operator his penny.) It seems to me that a woman who murders a man to ensure that her husband, who remains in ignorance throughout, can keep up the supply of saddle-horses and motor-cars, provides the playwright with a bagful of conscious motive. In the alternative I suggest that a hostess who, when her guest proposes to run up to town next day, stares into vacancy and mutters: "O, never shall sun that morrow see," and goes about the house babbling of the innocent flower and being the serpent under it, is a subject not for a play but for a clinic. There is an old story which relates how a spectator at a performance of 'The Wild Duck,' turned to the author and said, "These people are all mad." Ibsen, the story goes, nodded assent. Well, again, I don't believe it. There is little drama in declared insanity, and none at all in a clash of conflicting sub-consciousnesses. For if once you begin you cannot stop. Lady Macbeth herself must hark back to some remoter Gruach, thence to some palæolithic ancestress, then the pterodactyl, the amoeba, the moneron, energy and ultimately the First Cause. And I submit that where there is no free-will there is no drama.

My advice to any playwright who can hold us with dialogue of such quality as Miss Beringer showed for ten minutes is to leave the sub-conscious alone. The present heroine's complex merely served to demonstrate what a good play Shakespeare managed to write in spite of his ignorance of psycho-analysis, and what a wretched thing 'Macbeth' would have been without the Thane of Cawdor.

Miss Esmé Beringer played this pseudo Lady Macbeth as we may suppose Mrs. Siddons to have played the real one, that is, very like the serpent and not at all like the flower. The older actress had this advantage, that when she had seen Duncan to the foot of the stairs and asked him if he had everything he required for the night, her "comedy" was over; whereas Miss Beringer had to pour out tea and play the hostess for a whole act, and of anything less than the horrific she has, alas! no inkling. Her sleep-walking was the best I have ever seen. This actress would make the merest mouthful of all those viragoes who rant of their lost thrones throughout Shakespeare's Histories, and if ever a West End Richard should be looking for a Queen Margaret, I can honestly recommend Miss Beringer as the very woman. She has the handsome technique of your regular, royal Tragedy Queen, and prefers, like John Philip Kemble, not to raise tragedy from earth, but to lower it from the skies.

NEXT WEEK.

April 3. *The Gay Lord Quex.* By A. W. Pinero. His Majesty's.

Saturday Stories: XXIII

PHILANTHROPY

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

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MIST enwrapped Restington-on-Sea; not very thick, but exceedingly clammy. It decked the autumn trees in weirdness, cobwebbed the tamarisks, and compelled Henry Ivor to shut his window, excluding the faint hiss and rustle from the beach. He seldom wrote after tea without the accompaniment of fresh air, and was drowsing over his pen when his housekeeper entered.

"A couple to see you, sir; they came once before when you was away."

Ivor blinked. "Well, show them in."

When the door was again opened, a scent of whisky came in first, then a man, a woman and a dog.

Ivor laid down his pen, and rose; he had never seen any of them before, and immediately doubted whether he wanted to see any of them again. Never able, however, to be disagreeable at a moment's notice, he waited defensively. The man, who might have been thirty-five, pale, warped and thin, appeared to extract his face from the grip of nerves.

"Hearing you were down here, sir, and being in the printing trade, if you understand my meaning—"

Ivor nodded; he did not want to nod, but it seemed unavoidable; and he looked at the woman. Her face was buttoned, the most expressionless he had ever seen.

"Well?" he said.

The man's lips, thin and down at one corner, writhed.

"You being a well-known writer," he said, and the scent of whisky deepened.

Ivor thought: "It wants courage to beg; it's damp too. Perhaps he's only primed himself."

"Well?" he said again.

"If you understand me," said the man, "I'm in a very delicate position. I expect you know Mr. Gloy—Charles Gloy—editor of *Cribbage*—"

"No," said Ivor. "But will you sit down?" and he placed two chairs. The man and the woman sat down on their edges, the dog too sat on its edge! Ivor regarded it—a Skipperke—thinking:

"Did they bring their dog to undermine me?" It was the only kind of dog he did not like, but it looked damp and woeful.

"My brother works for Mr. Gloy," said the man; "so, being at Beachhampton—out of a job, if you understand my meaning—I brought my wife—you being a well-known philanthropist—"

Ivor nervously took out a cigarette, and nervously put it back.

"I don't know what I can do for you," he murmured.

"I'm one to speak the truth," resumed the man, "if you follow me—" And Ivor did—he followed a wandering tale of printing, the war, ill-health, till at last he said in despair:

"I really can't recommend people I know nothing about. What exactly do you want me to do?"

The woman's face seemed suddenly to lose a button, as if she were going to cry, but just then the dog whimpered; she took it up on to her lap and Ivor thought: "How much have I got on me?"

"The fact is, Mr. Ivor," said the man, "I'm broke to the world, if you understand my meaning. If once I could get back to London—"

"What do you say, madam?"

The woman's mouth quivered and mumbled; Ivor stopped her with his hand.

"Well," he said, "I can give you enough to get up to London with, and a little over. But that's all, I'm afraid. And, forgive me, I'm very busy."

He stood up. The man rose also.

"I don't want to say anything about my wife; you'll forgive my mentioning it, but there's not a lady in England that's her equal at makin' baby's slippers."

"Indeed!" said Ivor. "Well, here you are!" and he held out some pound notes. The man took the notes; one of his trouser legs was pitifully patched.

"I'm sure I'm more than grateful—" he said; and looking at Ivor as if he expected to be contradicted, added: "I can't say better than that, can I?"

"No," said Ivor, and opened the door.

"I'll be ready to repay you as soon as ever I can—if you understand my meaning."

"Yes," said Ivor: "Good day! Good day, Mrs.—! Good-bye, little dog!"

One by one the three passed him and went out into the mist. Ivor saw them trailing down the road, shut the outer door, returned to his chair, sighed profoundly, and took up his pen.

When he had written three pages, and it was getting too dusk to see, his housekeeper came in:

"There's a boy from the 'Black Cow,' sir, come to say they want you down there."

"Want me?"

"Yes, sir. That couple—the boy says they don't know what to do with them. They gave your name as being a friend."

"Good Lord!"

"Yes, sir; and the landlord says they don't seem to know where they come from like."

"Heavens!" said Ivor. He got up, however, put on his overcoat and went out.

In the lighted doorway of the "Black Cow" stood the landlord.

"Sorry to have troubled you, sir, but really I can't tell how to deal with these friends of yours."

Ivor frowned. "I only saw them for the first time this afternoon. I just gave them money to go up to London with. Are they drunk?"

"Drunk!" said the landlord: "Well, if I'd known the man was half gone when he came in—of course I'd never—As to the woman, she sits and smiles. I can't get them to budge, and it's early closin'—"

"Well," muttered Ivor, "let's look at them!" and he followed the landlord in.

On the window seat in the bar parlour those two were sitting, with mugs beside them, and the dog asleep on the feet of the woman, whose lips were unbuttoned now in a foolish smile.

Ivor looked at the man; his face was blank and beatific. Specimens of a damp and woeful world, they seemed almost blissful at last.

"Mist' Ivor?" said the man suddenly.

"Yes," said Ivor; "but I thought you wanted to go up to London. The station's not half a mile."

"Cert'nly—go up to London."

"Come along, then; I'll show you the way."

"Ve'y good, we can walk, if you understand my meaning."

And the man stood up, the dog and the woman also. All three passed unsteadily out.

The man walked first, then the woman, then the dog, wavering into the dusky mist. Ivor followed, praying that they might meet no traffic. The man's voice broke the silence in front.

"Hen'y Ivor!"

Ivor closed up nervously.

"Hen'y Ivor! I see'm sayin' to 'mself: 'What'll they move on for?' I see him, if y'understand my meaning. Wha'sh he good for—Hen'y Ivor—only writer o' books. Is he any better than me—No!"

Not's good, if you f-follow me. I see 'm thinkin': 'How can I get rid of 'm?' " And he stood still suddenly, almost on Ivor's toes. "Where's dog—carry th' dog—get 'is feet wet."

The woman stopped unsteadily, picked up the dog, and they both wavered on again. Ivor walked alongside, now, grim and apprehensive. The man seemed to have become aware of him again.

"Mist' Ivor," he said. "Thought so—I'm not tight—can't say better than that, can I—I'm not writer of books like you—not plutocratic philanthropist, if you understand my meaning. Want to ask you question: What would you do if you were me?"

And there was a silence, except for the slip-slippering of the woman's feet, behind.

"I don't blame you," said the man, whose speech was congealing rapidly, "You can't help being a plutocrat. But whash the good of anything for me, except ob-oblivion, if you follow me?"

To Ivor's infinite relief, a faint radiance came shining through the mist. The station building loomed suddenly quite close, and Ivor steered towards it.

"Goin' up t' London," said the man; "Qui' right!"

He lurched past into the lighted entry, and the woman followed with the dog. Ivor saw them waver through the doorway. And, spinning round, he ran into the mist.

"Perfectly true!" he thought while he was running. Perfectly true! Why had he helped them? What did he care, so long as he got rid of man, woman and dog?

Correspondence

SOME PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS OF SOUTH AFRICA

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

Johannesburg, February, 1923

"LOOK here, my boy, don't make the mistake of thinking that you can teach anything to South Africa. She will do all the teaching, you will do the learning. If you fancy you know more than she does, get rid of the idea."

Thus a South African to a newly-arrived Englishman in Johannesburg. What the Colonial said was true. Visiting Johannesburg for the first time the stranger is struck by the solidity, ugliness and ultra-modernity of the town—the roads, shops, houses, and larger buildings such as the Law Courts, Town Hall and Stock Exchange. The place is young and there is nothing small about it. Everything has been and is being done on a large scale, and the town and its surroundings appear to suggest unconscious development on American lines. The gold mines—the true source of South Africa's wealth—have been responsible for an efficiency in mining and scientific engineering unsurpassed in the whole world; the varying extremes of the climate and the elements have evolved a type of farmer capable of overcoming almost any emergency; while the gold, diamonds, Jewish merchants and commercial magnates ensure brisk and fluctuating markets in business and on the Stock Exchange. Indeed, South Africa appears to be a super-country inhabited by super-men. But if we look closer into the picture, we observe many flaws in the working machinery. The modern constitution may be solid and healthy, but that does not mean that it is proof against the modern disease. Trade Unions have sprung up long before they were necessary; strikes are of frequent occurrence; disloyalty to the Government is openly preached, while the recent Rand mutiny which resulted in the loss of much money and human life is an ample proof of the effects of scientific Bolshevism. After all, thirty years ago Johannesburg was a wayside village. Other countries

have reached their present status of culture and refinement in easy and graduated stages, but here new and varied problems have to be tackled and solved as quickly as they arise, and without the guiding hand of past history and experience. These factors hardly conduce to real unity and co-operation and constitute the chief objections to a country which—unlike Peter Pan—is in the position of a grown man who never had a boyhood.

As a colony, the position of South Africa is not quite the same as that of her sister-dominions of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. These countries owe their development to British enterprise, courage and resource, brought about by men for whom the Mother Country offered few openings for adventure and advancement. From the outset they were essentially British and to-day offer every inducement to the right kind of settler. In South Africa, however, the Dutch were first in the field and actually ruled the country for some forty years. The discovery of the vast mineral wealth was responsible for a great influx of prospectors (mostly British), and in 1874 the Transvaal was annexed to the British flag. South African affairs then became a party question in the Houses of Parliament and the iniquitous and criminal misgovernment from Whitehall culminated in two large wars and several smaller ones. At the conclusion of the Boer War of 1899-1902, it was decided that the victors should hand over the government of the country to the vanquished. This policy, severely criticized at the time, eventually proved to be the right solution as far as the Imperial Government was concerned. The average Englishman's conception of the Dutchman is that he wears a beard, grows mealies, likes solitude and doesn't wash. Such may have been the case two decades ago, but it hardly applies to-day. True enough the surly backveld Boer still exists, with his hatred of interference and any form of progress, but at the same time, the educated Dutch politician has proved a capable administrator and thoroughly competent to move with the times. These vast differences in character render a clear definition of the Dutchman almost impossible. Most residents of the Transvaal speak both English and Dutch, while education and modern Bolshevism are rapidly smothering any rivalry or antagonism that may exist between the two races.

In the Legislative Assembly (corresponding to our Parliament) a member is allowed to speak in either language, and it is one of the many incongruities of the country that the richest language in the world should be utilized in a debate in combination with a foreign tongue which, in its more general local use, is little better than a farmyard slang. The Legislative Assembly sits alternately in Cape Town and Pretoria, and the fact that Cape Town is the recognized capital of the Union is not regarded with approval by the residents of either Pretoria or Johannesburg, who prefer their own claims to this distinguished title. It consists of representatives from the five States, with a Cabinet organized on Imperial lines under the leadership of General Smuts. At the beginning of last year the strength of the Government was put to a severe test by the Rand mutiny. To-day the Government are dealing with the strikers. Instead of being pampered, cajoled and encouraged, as is the case in England, these mutineers are being tried by the High Court and, when found guilty, sent straight to the gallows. They receive little sympathy from either the public or the local Press—which, for a progressive country, is uninspiring and politically impotent—as the whole community is being compelled to suffer a punishment entailing empty pockets and overdrawn bank balances.

It has been said that, with the exception of the gold and diamond mines South Africa has never achieved any real greatness in spite of the many and varied projects on which she has embarked. The truth of this cannot be denied, but it must be remembered that

South Africa suffers from one very great drawback, namely, the uneven distribution of water through many thousand miles of agricultural territory. The long-promised Irrigation scheme has now begun on a large scale and important results are anticipated within the next few months. Success is assured, and then it is safe to say that South African fruit will be as familiar a commodity in the Home markets as New Zealand mutton. Land Irrigation is still in its infancy, but if the Government proceed as they have begun, then they will accomplish a feat which will be the envy of other countries and bring sorely needed stability to the whole farming community. Given stability in the mining and farming industries South Africa will forge ahead and develop independent and national characteristics. It is to be hoped that the Home Government will show her a fuller appreciation and understanding than has been the case in the past. South Africa will be particular and critical in the choice of her governors and will expect a man who possesses qualities such as she cannot produce by herself. She will not want men of brilliance, wealth and distinctive personality, because she has already got them. Though essentially democratic and holding distinctly American tendencies, she has a wholesome respect for Royalty. The appointment of Prince Arthur of Connaught as Governor-General was an extremely happy one, and the system may well be continued. Here is a man who naturally represents the King without unduly interfering with the affairs of State. The country would be pleased and gratified if at some future date one of the King's sons could be spared for this all-important position.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

EQUALITY IN THE AIR

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Frank Morris is rightly anxious to make our flesh creep, but really he might find a more impressive spectre than "our nearest neighbour." France has an air force, but her navy is scarcely adequate for peace needs; she is in want of ready money; the deficiency in her coal production, owing to the destruction of mines, cannot for many years be less than twenty-five million tons; the Lorraine steel industry is dependent on the Ruhr coke, and the *Observer* has informed us that the situation there will never improve. "Germany in 1914" was in quite a different position.

The deflection of our diplomacy has been foretold in Germany for some years. A feature of the propaganda in occupied territory since the Treaty has been the revival of a project, discussed about 1909, for an agreement with a Power which, by virtue of a superior strategic position would, with a navy of equal size, have the advantage of Great Britain in sea-warfare. First seduce England from her alliances by rousing suspicions of French militarism; an occupation of the Ruhr would lead to differences (this might be forced by withholding coke; comparatively small deficiencies could be so adjusted as to turn the scale between certainty and uncertainty for the steel trade); Germany will then offer her services as an ally, and her facilities for munition-making will render them acceptable; France will go down before the German invaders; Germany will then be able to recover Poland, and England may be left to face her naval rival unsupported (this being the service of an ally!); "internal strength . . . will decide the issue. England's collapse will be greater than Germany's." ("The Three Coming Wars.")

This picture, which I have looted from the poor Germans (who, however, are rich in reproductions of it), is not entirely unlike life. Suspicions have been roused by the Ruhr occupation. There is also a power whose strategic position is stronger than ours, and her navy is larger; her air force is not inferior to that of France; she has acquired and fortified an island commanding certain of our colonies and trade routes; she has financed anarchy in Ireland; and not many years ago landed an armed force in a Crown colony without the consent of the Governor.

I think my spook is a more terrifying object than Mr. Morris's; though our esteemed contemporary, the *Spectator*, would no

doubt pronounce it to be a sheet and turnip. It is remarkable that those who overlook such actions in a Power with no rival near at hand, should protest most loudly against the lesser preparations of a country facing a rival with greater resources and a larger population, inflamed by unceasing agitation in favour of a fresh war.

I am, etc.,
W. LENGLEYS

C/o Lloyds Bank, Strand

RENT RESTRICTION ACT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—One can understand the proletarian view of the Rent Restriction Act. It is frankly predatory and ignorant. But that an educated man can express such twisted views as those of Mr. Little in the latest number of the *SATURDAY REVIEW* is amazing. He seems to think that only property owners are concerned for the inequity of the Act. As a house owner defrauded by it, I have been endeavouring for three years, without success, to find someone of authority ready to defend it. But judges, barristers, solicitors, merchants in private conversation have all alike only one word for it—"a legalized swindle under pressure of expediency and mob law"—not worth, in short, further discussion. Mr. Little's views are instructive, possibly those of a type? To begin with, the house-owner in his imagination appears as a sort of "sixty per center." I wonder if he is aware that house-property taken all round before the Act produced barely 4 per cent. net. Now with the alteration in money value and restricted rent, it may be estimated at about 2½ per cent., and that pittance often collected amid insult, contumely and ignorant misrepresentation. Mr. Little ingenuously complains that many tenants in the course of years have paid the purchase value of their houses in rent! What is one to say to such inconceivable financial naïveté? If Mr. Little bought a house for £1,000 I suppose he would be quite surprised to hear that by the same childish reckoning he had paid for it over again, in say twenty years, in interest, otherwise rent.

He complains that even the restricted rent is the "last straw" on some of his poorer friends' backs. Why the last straw? No allusion is made to the butcher, the baker and candle-stick maker, and other providers of the necessities of life, who made money all through and since the war, and would laugh at the miserable percentage awarded to the persons who provide these suffering souls with their houses. The hapless landlord is trotted out as the ogre. The landlord, like other people, has to face post-war prices. But he has been deprived by inequitable legislation of the means of doing so in order that another class with more votes may escape such responsibilities—at his expense. Here is another side of this precious Act. Being temporarily without a house in this, my own neighbourhood, I purchased one in our country town just before the Act of 1919 was thought of—for my own and family's residence. It was then occupied by a tenant, a comparative stranger, selling under a six months' mutual notice agreement. The Act came in and he is there still! And not only that, but is paying only two-thirds of the rent that the house would fetch ten deep to-morrow. Nor can I sell the house and buy another. No one, of course, will buy with a "limpet" tenant. We have been practically homeless for four years, with nearly all our belongings in storage. I might add that the above-mentioned limpet is better off than I am.

I am, etc.
A VICTIM

P.S.—I was told at headquarters that there were hundreds of scandals like this, and I know that both Commissions felt most strongly on the subject. But the Government seem fairly scared.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I take it that Mr. H. Little, in your issue of last Saturday, has not a penny invested in either houses, coal mines, or other industries? His argument is unsound. I have a tenant holding similar erroneous views. Will he or anyone build houses on such conditions? Assuredly no. The great railway companies might say the same; if so, funds or shares would not be taken up. Sir A. Mond's speech ought to open the eyes of men who teach open robbery.

I am, etc.
ROBERT FOULKES

Chester

HOW WILL IT END?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Economic laws are often spoken of with that kind of perverse reverence accorded to the laws of the Medes and Persians—and for a similar reason. Yet both these codes, whether we do or do not regard them as in some sort criminal, are based upon the entirely artificial doings of men. More particularly is this true of the laws of economics which have come into being as the result of competition and competitive methods. If, then, economic laws are unalterable, so too are the doings of the market place. The truly unalterable may demand our reverence. Must we, in an age of progress, call the doings of men unalterable, and respect the results on account of their immutability?

The modern outcry for cheap production means neither more nor less than the quickening of competition. Let competition increase sufficiently and we arrive at the period when one successful competitor has ousted all rivals. The defeated rival is no longer even a potential purchaser of our wares or of the wares of any other would-be vendor. Economists talk of nice checks and delicate balances which control the laws of supply and demand. Do they think of the severe check which must sooner or later come upon any big schemes of intensive production? Whether the laws of economics are or are not unchangeable, we have the history of ages to confirm us in the belief that the law of self-preservation will assert itself.

America is the home of mass production. American miners have been held up as an example to our coal getters on account of the readiness with which transatlantic workers adopted labour-saving devices in the mines. Yet, last August, President Harding told Congress that there were 200,000 more miners in America than were needed. How has that condition of things been brought about? What are those 200,000 men to do? In their country a motor car which sells for about £130 is now made with £13 worth of labour. Where will the continuation and multiplication of such systems lead civilization?

I am, etc.,

L. HOWARD

THE SCENE AND THE ACTOR

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your dramatic critic in his entertaining article on 'Stage Scenery' says that the modern scene-deviser, if we may judge by his drawings and models, "would reduce the actor to the insignificance of the Egyptian tourist snapshotted against the Pyramids."

May I remind Mr. Agate that the leader of the modern "scene-devisers" has written at least three books and nine volumes of a journal called *The Mask* as a text to the scenic models? But just as these writings have been misrepresented by the literal minded, who I can well believe fail to catch the drift of them, so now Mr. Agate fails to see the purport of the artist's sketches by insisting on looking prosaically at that which is avowedly only intended to have lyric value, so to speak. They are not scale drawings but are notes of moods—which Mr. Agate admits they succeed in conveying. In the theatre these moods would be conveyed by the reaction of the actor to the scene, which would not be a literal copy of the drawings at all.

But in any case Mr. Agate exaggerates the proportions. For every scene which is "high and mighty," Mr. Craig has published one of middling and one of quite small proportions, showing the actor's relationship to the scene to be variable, as is man's relationship to his environment with which it corresponds. When Mr. Agate suggests that Mr. Craig 'builds against and in dread of the transcendent actor he appears to be unaware that this "scene-deviser" would be more correctly described as an "actor-dramatist," and that he has made greater claims on behalf of the actor than any writer of to-day. What of his essay, 'Shakespeare's Collaborators' (i.e., the actors)?

In 'The Theatre Advancing,' Mr. Craig makes a plea for the planning of two theatres: one for experiment and improvisation in individual and transient forms, and one for universal, durable, correspondential forms. Only those who have studied the relationship of improvisation to final artistic creation, from Archilochus, who sang "when the wine was in his head," and Homer, the conscious artist, down the ages through the *Commedia dell'Arte* and its relationship to Shakespeare and Molière, can appreciate the significance of Mr. Craig's "plan," I think. But Mr. Agate may rest assured that the actor is free to choose his part and how he will play it in Gordon Craig's scheme of things.

I am, etc.,

J. E. R.

Hampstead

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS IN NORTHERN AFRICA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have recently spent several months travelling through Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia. While admiring the progress made by French civilization—the splendid roads, the busy ports, the education of the natives—I was saddened and appalled at one unhappy aspect of the country: the cruel suffering inflicted on animals. It is the more pitiful because it happens through neglect and native ignorance, not through deliberate cruelty.

Among the many thousands of animals used everywhere for the transport of all kinds of produce there are but very few, save those which are quite young, which are entirely free from sores—sores such as we, in England, never see, and can scarcely imagine. Inch-wide strips of raw flesh on the shoulders and hindquarters are cut and chafed by the harness. The saddles hide many a backbone which has lost its skin for several inches, and the haunch bones show many an abscess, which has been irritated by the load until it has formed into a horrid lump of protruding flesh. The best treatment the donkey can hope for is a plaster of the dust of the road for a sore, salt to harden skin which threatens to break, and the point of a palm leaf as a lancet for an abscess.

Equally primitive is the Arab method of branding. The animal is hobbled, and is kept still by a "twitch"—a wooden clip fixed on

the upper lip which is twisted when the pain of the burn causes the poor creature to flinch. It takes an Arab ten minutes slowly and carefully to draw some six lines, each several inches long, with small hot poker. As soon as the "design" is completed the animal is ridden, or loaded, and worked. Dogs which are left to die of disease or starvation, chickens carried head downwards by the Arab hawkers for hours on end until their tied legs are skinned, are also unheeded sufferers.

England already takes part in humane work in many countries, notably in Italy. There, for many years, courage and untiring perseverance battled through fierce opposition, and won: former atrocious cruelties have been abolished, the Italian mind has been influenced and changed towards animals, and to-day the Italians and English work together for the welfare of the animals in their country. This success encourages efforts in other fields, and may suggest that England is peculiarly fitted to help animals abroad.

I earnestly appeal to all those who love their well-cared-for horses and dogs, and to all those who have made this country a comparative paradise for animals, watched over by our numerous humane societies, to help the French to sweep away this wide-spread misery in their fine colonies, by the organization of a society in North Africa.

I am, etc.,

FRANCIS K. HOSALI,

Hon. Sec. (London) Rome Society for Protection of Animals
10 Dersingham Road, Cricklewood

[While sympathizing with our correspondent's appeal, it seems to us that there are many matters nearer home that deserve attention before we can devote ourselves to the enlightenment of French-ruled Arabs.—ED., S.R.]

"ENCORES" AND THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Two operas by Mr. Gay are at present being given in London. Continuity of action is of value to their artistic effect; to stress any part destroys the balance of the whole. It seems regrettable, therefore, that "encores" should so frequently be given to the more popular songs. These are brought forward into inartistic relief and the opera as a whole suffers in consequence.

Surely operas should be treated as operas and not as revues. Quite apart from artistic reasons, it must be a strain upon the players to sing their songs more than once, which must make it harder for them to sustain the spirit of the opera. A little reserve and a little consideration would not come amiss.

I am, etc.,

R. ANTHONY EDEN

51 Upper George Street, W.1

THE 'VARSITY SPORTS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The 'Varsity Sports last Saturday provided an entertainment rich in thrills, and the weather was excellent, especially for those who remember the English winter usual at this season. There was, however, one feature of the running which seemed to me novel, and by no means commendable. Possibly it was due to the U.S. infusion on the Oxford side. I noticed repeated false starts for the first time at this meeting, designed, I suppose, to gain a trifle ahead of the crack of the pistol. The starter was quite equal to this little game, which gained nothing. Such starts are, I have gathered, a deliberate stratagem in America. For I remember reading in an American paper a triumphant eulogy of a bright boy—was he from Buffalo?—who won an international race after making eight false starts, and thus inducing nerves in the other competitors.

This sort of trick is not considered decent among amateurs in this country; or, if it is, times and ideals have changed.

I am, etc.,

W. H. J.

SPRING-CLEANING LONDON

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The new movement for a cleaner London is admirable on æsthetic grounds. It is equally important on grounds of prudence. By the corrosive action of atmospheric acids on Portland and other limestones so largely used in London, our public buildings and great national monuments are slowly losing their fineness of line and detail. The principal architect to H.M. Office of Works recently stated that it would cost £250,000 properly to restore the corroded stonework of the Houses of Parliament; while, according to Sir William Richmond, Westminster Abbey has suffered more during the last hundred years than in all the centuries previously. Portions of a parapet erected only twenty-five years ago already crumble to the touch.

Our architects would do well to make greater use of materials like terra-cotta, which are at once indestructible and less costly to clean.

I am, etc.,

AARON G. BOOT

Mapperley Park, Nottingham

Reviews

THE PATH TO PIECES

The Path to Peace. By the Author of 'The Pomp of Power.' Hutchinson. 18s. net.

ANONYMITY seems in the air. Two nameless authors have been publishing their behind-scenes disclosures and pen-and-ink portraits of politicians. Some time ago the anonymous 'Mirrors of Downing Street' bred 'The Glass of Fashion,' and it again 'Painted Windows,' but their satire and suggestion struck us more as lecture than literature. And now a successor's 'The Pomp of Power' is followed by 'The Path to Peace,' which, in its turn, may be capped by a third. True, their author's identity has lately been proclaimed, but our point remains unchanged. Why should such revelations go unsigned? Of old, anonymity served no one's turn but the novelist's and the scandal-monger's. Such a skilled eavesdropper as Greville, for instance, would never have profited by ambush, and the Dionysus's-ear department in general gained weight by signature. The brand made the market. But *autres temps, autres mœurs*. The flurry, ignorance, and "cinemaism" of our generation are tickled by minor mysteries, and the unknown passes for the magnificent.

In this regard a further consideration occurs to us. The anonymity of such books is extended to some of the characters in them. What valid reason is there for referring to actors in the drama as "B" and "X"? In our youth there used to be certain pious romances, combining flirtation with evangelization, where this device was in great request. "G., an infidel, called on me yesterday" is a sentence that we can recall in one. The object was probably to spare Mr. Smith the pain of being proclaimed a heretic, but in the work before us, if "B" wanted to be French Ambassador, or if "X" blabbed of something that concerned him, what discredit could attach to them? The wording of a problem in algebra is out of place in historical recollections. Why not out with their names? Let us say at once that the author of this book shows more inner intimacy and practical experience than the Mirrorer of Whitehall. He is absolutely familiar with everybody and everything French. There are no sighs after the lost idealisms of Mr. Lloyd George, and he is a fair psychologist of Germanity. His book comprises facts, figures, and conclusions of permanent value concerning issues that are still vital. His style is direct, though its grammar sometimes trips, as in "the way business is conducted," and he has much, maybe overmuch, to tell us. Our sole complaints are that often he reveals the known, that sometimes he emphasizes the irrelevant, that, here and there, whether from caution or coldness, he praises with too faint a damnation the very intriguers whom he unmasks. Nevertheless, on the whole, his 'Path to Peace' does indicate that he, too, lives in dread of its proving a path to pieces.

In the sum, his aim—and he succeeds—is to track the complete breakdown of conference-diplomacy. Involved in this is his exposure of that new and bureaucratized Cabinet-Secretariat which has improvised policy. And further, he traces the shifting manoeuvres whereby the ex-Premier strove to dethrone Sir Douglas Haig. And lastly he scathes democracy's latest and hypocritical cry of "open diplomacy." He includes an interesting but hardly pertinent chapter on Spain during the war, and much about Ludendorff that is off the main point. There is the usual discussion of reparations, and an excellent supplement about the Ruhr. M. Paul Cambon well remarked in a telling speech in 1920: "... It is said that the old diplomacy spoke little. But for my part I find that our new diplomacy speaks too much." Yes, Metternich, Castlereagh, Wellington, Disraeli, spoke too little for the modern menagerie. Cambon is right. The cheap Temple of

Silence has been replaced by the costly Tower of Babel—a Babel of sand-castles built by mediocrity for the waves to destroy. The statesmanship of the golf-links or the refreshment-arbour was unknown to the ancients, who preferred the Settlement of Europe to their own excitement. The objects alike of an inner Cabinet divorced from the Foreign Office, and of the five hundred conferences during eight years, have been advertisement and propaganda. The age of Barnum is eclipsed.

Glance for a moment at the Genoese fiasco delineated in detail. What was its meaning beneath all the tall talk that enveloped it? Its purpose was to get into touch with the Bolshevists, at least as regards the trade concessions which Germany had forestalled, and, whatever may be urged, to approach Germany and break with France. All the palaver about Columbus and the Ark vanishes into thin air when the microscope is applied. Take the Barthou incident which is unearthed. Here are the facts. On May 6 of last year Mr. Lloyd George harangues Millet, the editor of *Le Petit Parisien*, assuring him that the "English people" no longer desire an *entente* with France. This declaration was intended to intimidate M. Poincaré. On the same day M. Barthou returns from Paris, and in the evening converses with Mr. Lloyd George. The "stunt" is repeated: France is to reap the fruits of her ingratitude. On the morrow, Millet is again called in and terrorized by the Prime Minister's appalling picture of an excommunicated France. But Ministers should beware of journalists. Millet encounters André Gérauld, the dogged, though impulsive "Pertinax" of the patriotic *L'Echo de Paris*. Gérauld is informed that Mr. Lloyd George is, alas! the reluctant mouthpiece of an enraged England. Off he rushes to Mr. Wickham Steed, then editor of *The Times*, acquaints him with the tragedy, which is at once telegraphed to Printing House Square, and next day the world learns that the *entente* between Great Britain and France is at an end. "Though the Prime Minister was almost the only friend France had in England... he must now look in another direction." He did. He sent Sir Maurice Hankey—the champion of open diplomacy—and his secretary, Sir Edward Grigg, straight to M. Barthou with a letter denying the soft impeachment. Meanwhile the *Daily Mail's* Correspondent had seen the much-beset Barthou, and obtained his statement that the *entente* was "in danger."

Here was a pretty kettle of odd fish. True to his rôle of "The Double Dealer," Mr. Lloyd George—that hardworked mediator—then bent his energies to procure a written denial from M. Barthou. He penned a letter to him regarding the *démenti* of *The Times*, which he had already asked Mr. Chamberlain to contradict. He protested, with every Englishman, his long and lasting friendship for France, "consecrated by common sacrifices." His "great anxiety" was that nothing should divide "our two great democracies"—England happening to be a free Monarchy and France a most national Republic. M. Barthou did his best in this pickle. He whittled down Mr. Lloyd George's expressions, as announced by *The Times*, to "you spoke to me of the difficulties through which the relations of our two countries were passing," but he added the tell-tale sentence, "nor did you say that your advisers were pressing you to come to an understanding with Germany." The wonted "confidence in our essential union" closed this pleasantry. That very evening the Welsh Figaro read it aloud—historical scene!—to the "English journalists." "A great fact," as Disraeli said in 'Coningsby,' but the injured Millet published a very blunt article, and Mr. Steed confirmed his dispatch by another which for some reason was not printed in 'Jupiter of the Crossways.' M. Poincaré remained unfrightened.

What a sad, true history in "matters of great pith and moment," what a justification for that tub-thumping diplomacy which by "personal conversations" was

to prevent international friction, as Sir Maurice Hankey thinks fit to believe. We have dwelt on this particular episode because it stands for many, and renders it easy for the man in the confidential mask to demolish "Open Diplomacy." The same petty attorneyisms disfigure the Cabinet Secretariat and the steps taken to undermine Sir Douglas Haig—steps that sought to suborn Nivelle and disgusted Petain. And then our author discusses the Lloyd-Georgian "dictatorship." Here, we cannot but think, he falls into an error. The unconstitutional machinery was that of a dictator, so was the studied disregard of Parliament. But the voice and hand were by no means a dictator's. It was really a Government by pressure. Any cogent influence that was brought to bear on the Premier decided a course that was often reversed by the next morning's impact. He took no thought for the morrow, and the supposed strength was really the weakness of a reed shaken by the wind.

We have little space for much more. To our mind the Spanish interlude is chiefly significant for the characterization of Spain's political parties, so nearly corresponding to the derangement of our own. And with respect to France, it is well pointed out that her party-labels are but superficial, and that the Socialism of to-day is the Conservatism of to-morrow. In the German chapters our author admirably singles out the fact that Germany can spend enough to make her own commerce remunerative as the best argument for her ability to pay her allied creditors. More than once is quoted the Lloyd-Georgian maxim that war is "armed politics." This is a complete fallacy, and one might as well say that a play is a charade. No war was ever yet won through politics or by mere politicians. Otherwise, strategy would be a farce. The tongue is not the sword, nor are men of mark necessarily men of action. Still less are the political propagandists or pragmatists the saviours of any country. Should this author favour us again, let him definitely consign such word-catchers to the big dust-bin which History holds in her unpliant hands for their reception.

POST MORTEM

Post Mortem. By C. MacLaurin. Cape. 7s. 6d net.

A COUPLE of hours may be agreeably spent in reading this volume of essays by a distinguished Australian surgeon. The publishers, as though they had not had an opportunity of reading their own book, describe it as a study of "the achievements, failures and characters of a number of notable figures." It is nothing of the kind, but something much more interesting; it is a series of inquiries as to the nature of the diseases which led to the deaths of certain celebrated men and women. Prosper Merimée remarked that a great many people cannot persuade themselves that kings die of straightforward complaints like ordinary persons. They insist on introducing an element of mystery. Genius has no such charm for Dr. MacLaurin, who analyses the symptoms of the great with the coolness of a hospital practitioner. As Shirley said three hundred years ago:

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

There is no question that it is fascinating to examine from a strictly scientific point of view the mental and physical conditions of celebrated men. We are inclined to wonder that it has not been attempted more often. Some years ago, a series of articles on that Shakespearean topic, the deaths of kings, began to appear in the *British Medical Journal*, and we know not why it was discontinued. Several French physicians, not without suspicion of scandal, have published treatises; but in this country the theme is almost new, and Dr. MacLaurin has the field to himself.

We are afraid we cannot absolve Dr. MacLaurin from the charge of being a little sensational. The account of the symptoms which preceded the death of Gibbon is very highly coloured. A week before the historian's decease he wrote to Lord Sheffield that he was not "seriously feverish or ill." This does not seem to tally with Dr. MacLaurin's exciting narrative. But his conjectural description of Gibbon's celebrated hydrocele is interesting, and we believe that the suggestion that what Gibbon really died of was that terrible disease, streptococcic peritonitis, is here made for the first time. This theory would account for the excessive rapidity with which a discomfort, which had been borne with patience for thirty years, suddenly became fatal. The diseases of Mr. Pepys were so minutely noted by his own conscientious pen that there is little to be done in his case, except to collect and annotate his observations, but the Australian does this in an entertaining fashion. It is a far cry to the Empress Theodora, whose case suggests some very curious remarks with regard to the diseases of the ancient world. About Napoleon's physical constitution, it is difficult to say anything new, but Dr. MacLaurin sums up the familiar evidence in lively fashion. He paints the case of Queen Anne Boleyn in lurid colours. Not for Dr. MacLaurin is the traditional halo of the "gospel-light that dawn'd from Bullen's eyes." To him she was merely a strumpet "who contaminated the blood royal." That was what Henry VIII thought or wished to think, but the unhappy Queen's hysteria demands a gentler judgment. Dr. MacLaurin has written an amusing and unconventional set of essays on an unhackneyed theme.

THE QUAKER TAILOR

The Journal and Essays of John Woolman.
Edited by A. M. Gummere. Macmillan. 25s. net.

IT would not be correct to say that the 'Journal' of John Woolman was inaccessible, for the earlier editions could still be procured without any great difficulty. But the present work, which has been undertaken under the auspices of the Friends' Historical Society of Philadelphia, is welcome. What was called 'The New Century Edition' was supposed in 1900 to be complete, but fresh information is always cropping up, and the present compilation is the first which has been printed compendiously from Woolman's three MSS., which have lately been secured for the State of Pennsylvania. Miss Gummere has been engaged through the past ten years on an exhaustive examination of these and the other abundant sources of knowledge regarding the mind of Woolman. It is a quaint reflection that this important monument to the most pacific of men, to one who was the very protagonist of peace, should have chanced to come into being during the greatest and most bloodthirsty of wars, but history is full of these coincidences. We can hardly believe that investigation into the life and opinions of the Quaker tailor can ever proceed much farther than Miss Gummere takes them here. Her book is eminently conscientious; if the reproach were not so facile, we might charge her with being too thorough. She spares us nothing, she sows with the whole sack, and we are bound to say that the book is likely to be more useful for reference than attractive for pleasant reading.

John Woolman was a singular and in many respects a valuable character, but in the course of nearly seven hundred pages we become a little tired of his rigid virtues. He was simple and single-minded, and above all things desirous to obey the will of God, but he was very ignorant, and he was apt to mistake obstinacy for principle. Hence, while a short study of his career and his views, if written by an artist in biography, would be very interesting, and will, we must hope, one of these days be undertaken, the huge collection before us to-day is more fatiguing than instructive.

It should be considered as a magazine of raw material from which some future artist will weave a more perfect tissue. Woolman has had distinguished admirers, among whom Charles Lamb and the poet Whittier take the foremost place. He was born on October 19, 1720, at the little settlement of Ancocas (or Rancocas), in the county of Burlington, New Jersey. The planters of his family, who were all Quakers, had been settled in America for some forty years. His childhood was haunted by apocalyptic visions; at the age of nineteen, when he was in the employment of the local baker, he was called upon to write a bill of sale for a negro woman. This demand threw him into a violent agitation, and he determined to spend his life in opposing the "institution" of slavery. At the age of twenty-three he took up tailoring as a business, and a little later composed his 'Considerations upon the Keeping of Negroes.' American antiquarianism has quite lately been gratified by the identification of Woolman's shop in Burlington. In 1749 he brought to it "a well-inclined damsel named Sarah Ellis," about whose parentage and family Miss Gummere prints a very copious record.

We do not propose to recount the mild adventures of the remainder of John Woolman's life. He continued to carry on business as a tailor, which he could only have done in a very simple community, because he refused to make use of any species of dye-stuff, which he thought was "not founded in pure wisdom." He began to occupy his leisure, which seems to have been considerable, in travelling from one Quaker society to another, endeavouring to strengthen Friends in their principles, and to encourage a resistance to the practice of slavery. His admirers can but admit that he was deficient both in culture and in a sense of beauty; his character was unsophisticated to an extraordinary degree. We confess that in reading the 'Journal,' which is rather a record of opinions and prejudices than a diary of events, we are unable to see in it the literary charm which some enthusiasts have detected. When Whittier declared that he found in the works of Woolman "a sweetness as of violets," it is difficult to believe that he did not bring the perfume with him. But the tailor of Burlington was a man of unspotted purity of heart, deep and genuine humanity, and eager to sacrifice all worldly considerations to a lofty, if narrow and somewhat illogical religious ideal. It is well that the memory of so unselfish a philanthropist should be preserved.

THE LANGO

The Lango, a Nilotic Tribe of Uganda. By J. H. Driberg. Fisher Unwin. 63s. net.

IF virtue, in the broadest sense of the term, be rewarded by happiness in this life, it is certain that the appearance of this work, which has clearly been a labour of love, will ensure the felicity of the author, whom the Uganda Civil Service is fortunate enough to reckon among its members. He has not only shown the requisite sympathy with the subjects of his investigations—the Lango chiefs have demonstrated that by contributing towards the cost of issuing the book—but he has proved himself capable of scientific work of a high order, despite his disclaimer of scientific qualifications. If in what follows some stress is laid upon certain shortcomings, it is not for lack of matter for eulogy, but because, unless the foreword of the Governor of Uganda is misleading, Mr. Driberg has before him a long career of usefulness as a field observer, and may find criticism at once more useful and more flattering.

The first half of the book is a full if not complete record of the history, environment, physical characteristics, technology and social organization of the Lango; the data on religion and magic are, as the

author recognizes, more fragmentary. In the second part of the work we have an excellent account of the language, with vocabularies and a few texts. The first point which suggests itself to the reader of the book is that the number of illustrations might with advantage have been increased; the eleven plates dealing with the natives give a good idea of the physical type and ornaments—for dress they have none—but there are virtually no pictures to illustrate their technology, apart from half a dozen illustrations in the text, not enumerated in the table of contents. Basketry, pottery, the harp, hoes, blacksmiths' tools, and especially the type of bellows, might well have been illustrated by sketches, if no photographs were available; for on data of this kind are built up the maps showing the distribution of the different types, from which we infer unwritten history and the part played by alien peoples and cultures.

More unfortunately still, some of these cultural elements are also left unnoticed in the text; there is, for example, no more than a mention of bellows and canoes; the barbed spear exists but is not described; bow and arrows are used only for bleeding cattle and by children, but it would have been useful to know whether the arrow used by children is barbed and feathered or not. Even the index might with advantage have been fuller; bed, bellows, pillow, etc., do not appear; other items are grouped under inconvenient catchwords; thus "burial in a swamp" occurs under "water" and not under "burial." No custom and no element of culture should be omitted from the index of a work of this importance, and each should appear under its own heading.

The section on kinship and kinship terms is one of the fullest in the book; a complete list of English terms is followed by another showing the English equivalents of each Lango term. In the latter are some misprints and inconsistencies; for example, is *wot amin* (sister's son) used only by women or by both sexes? It is clear that it is only a woman's term, but both this information and the corresponding man's term are lacking in the main list.

The Lango are divided into clans and no one may marry within his own clan. From the list of kinship terms it appears that a given man has names for all his father's clan and all his mother's clan. He groups distant relatives with those of the same generation most nearly akin to him; thus all clan members of a man's own generation are his brothers or sisters. So far all is plain sailing; it is simply a case of kinship terms based on a dual organization. But in the text (p. 180) we learn that a man uses to some at least of the kin of his father's other wives the same terms that he does to the corresponding relatives of his own mother. This seems like a fundamental incoherency; at the very least it raises many questions. Is the whole clan of the co-wife of a man's father related to him in the same way as the clan of his own mother? If so, is marriage into their clans forbidden? If not, where is the line drawn? From the fact that he may marry any of his father's widows, save only his own mother, it is clear that there is no rule of exogamy and also that the entry of a wife into her husband's clan is an expression to be understood with many qualifications. But in that case we have the remarkable circumstance that the Lango use one half of their kinship terms in two radically different senses.

Among many other items of interest a single point may be selected for mention. The Lango have two methods of counting on the fingers: one, clearly derived from their neighbours, in which the right index starts the series; the other, apparently peculiar to the Lango, in which the little finger of the right hand is flexed by the left hand to show "one." There are probably thirty or forty variations of the six main types of finger counting found in Africa; a careful record of the facts would be of value and might throw a flood of light on migrations of peoples.

A DISCIPLE OF PATER

Aspects of the Renaissance. By Rachel Annand Taylor. With an Introduction by Gilbert Murray. Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.

REMEMBERING a book of verses published some years since, we wondered what had become of the author. She returns to print in these studies, a poet's book. It gives us the impression of a Dionysiac revel in which beauty and the triumphs of personality are everywhere found and commended in glowing words, strong and strange epithets, *obiter dicta* generally arresting and sometimes foolish. It is plain that Mrs. Taylor has read deeply, and she often writes allusively, or crowds her shining figures into an ecstatic catalogue. She is too fond of words like "golden" and "purple," but she is a real lover of beauty, and her work bears the stamp of sincerity, even when it seems overstrained, as where she finds the perfection of the English Bible "almost agonizingly beautiful." She piles up adjectives and contrasts in the manner of a poet's prose, which is apt to be luxuriant and hates to be careful. She adores the assertion of power by men of no birth and few chances, the astonishing achievements of youth, the daring thought no longer hampered by the futilities of the schoolmen. Beauty unfortunately in that period often went with cruelty and vices not commonly mentioned in print. Mrs. Taylor is unfair to Luther, because he was coarse and compromising, talks of the "unreasoning Reformation," and even denigrates Erasmus as a "moderate," not holding any ideal strongly enough to please her. More critics may object to him, because he combined independence of mind with a clamorous dependence on others for the comforts of life. In the accounts of scholars the "Laurentian manuscripts" given to the Florentine Niccoli is a slip. One MS., priceless to scholars, is the prime authority for the plays both of Æschylus and Sophocles, being variously called the Medicean and the Laurentian.

Mrs. Taylor wants boys to miss out the unsatisfactory period of adolescence, and become famous, as some of them did in the Renaissance. Human experience is against such attempts. For one thing, they shorten life and reduce the age of full maturity, which ought to be the best, because it is the wisest. There can have been few boys like Keats, but does the world want more poems like 'Endymion'? Surely not, but more masterpieces like his immortal Odes. Milton it is always possible to regret as a lost son of Apollo. His lovely early poems are more to the world to-day than 'Paradise Lost.' Mrs. Taylor might have noted the true Renaissance extravagance in his Latin verse. The singing girl he found in Rome was an all-sufficing angel:

If God indeed is all, and fused through all,
In thee alone He speaks, mute elsewhere.

A "religious indecorum," as Lamb says, but the Renaissance modified its religion with plenty of Paganism. Serious persons might often have thought that, if art was the handmaid of religion, it was high time for the mistress to give her notice. As Mrs. Taylor declares, Marlowe was a genuine child of the violent, beautiful new birth. His chorus at the end of 'Dr. Faustus' proclaims:

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight.

Mrs. Taylor makes this into

Now broken is the branch that grew full straight,

and almost, we feel, she might forgive Faust for his daring pursuit of all knowledge and delight at the expense of his soul. She finds in Mary Queen of Scots a complete Renaissance charm, and ends a highly-coloured panegyric by describing "the sadist anger of her enemies" as "only an inversion of the idolatry of her lovers."

Yet, extravagant as this book is, it is a real tribute to beauty and human aspiration, and justly contemptuous about the many vulgarities of to-day. We may not be able to live on the Neo-Platonism of the Renaissance, but it is well to cherish an enthusiasm for something other than the meanness and ugliness which pervade our present civilization.

Authors should stand for themselves without publishing outside commendation, as if they were afraid to face the public alone. But Prof. Murray has added by way of preface a judicious notice of Mrs. Taylor's merits with some hints as to the defects of her qualities.

A WOMAN CRITIC

Women Writers of the Nineteenth Century. By Marjory Bald. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

A MODERN critic has said that in whatever order English novelists were arranged, it would be difficult for Miss Austen's name not to appear among the first three. Whether that be true or not of novelists, we cannot think of the name of a single woman critic of the first rank. We therefore opened Miss Bald's book with interest. We have certainly not discovered a successor to Arnold or Pater or Mr. Lytton Strachey. What we have found is a book of criticism that is sufficiently good to be disappointing that it is not better. Miss Bald is at her best on Jane Austen, and on that subject her style is sometimes as crisp as that of Jane herself:

She satirized people, but from no passionate motives of reformation. Though she did not like Mrs. Bennett or Lady Catherine de Bourgh, she would not have had them different. In their unreformed absurdity they had at least this merit—they afforded some amusement.

But we do not gather that Miss Bald realizes that in dealing with the work of Jane Austen she is dealing with something rare and curious, like the plays of Ibsen or the Sistine Chapel, for instance—with something, in fact, which we cannot improve and cannot alter without spoiling—with that strange thing which for want of a better name we call perfection. We do not lay down the rule that perfect art is necessarily more admirable than that which has faults, but we do say that it is much more peculiar. There is no evidence that Miss Bald appreciates this major characteristic of Jane Austen, and therefore her preference for the Brontës with all their immaturities does not impress us.

When Miss Bald leaves the well-charted region of Miss Austen and the Brontës to embark on the wide sea of George Eliot's genius, she is much more inadequate. We feel that this slow-moving, many-sided, stupendous, inspired writer is beyond Miss Bald's rather exact comprehension. She approves of Sir Leslie Stephen's bad book on the subject. That book gives the impression of a pigmy looking at a giant through a microscope. Miss Bald is better than that. But she is sometimes a little childish, as when she almost complains that George Eliot read so many books before writing 'Romola' compared to Shakespeare before writing 'Julius Cæsar'; and she is sometimes a little feminine in comparing George Eliot to the other women writers contained in her book. George Eliot has nothing in common with them but her sex; and such comparisons are not more useful in criticism than Ruskin's comparison of Claude and Turner. Miss Bald is inclined to fall into the common critical error that because a great artist did not do something, he could not do it. The book, however, is written with care and knowledge if without any deep appreciation of literature considered as an art. We hope that the section devoted to Mrs. Gaskell may do something to revive the memory of a tender and charming writer, now too often forgotten.

New Fiction

BY GERALD GOULD

Vanderdecken. By H. de Vere Stacpoole.
Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

The Wrong Shadow. By Harold Brighouse.
Chapman and Dodd. 7s. 6d. net.

The Ladybird. By D. H. Laurence. Secker.
7s. 6d. net.

I OFTEN wonder, heretically, whether adequate achievement within humble limits has not, after all, something of the divine. Mere neatness is an achievement: ambition, on the other hand, is so apt to sprawl over into pretension. What is a novelist's aim? It is, it must be, to give pleasure: for, if he does not please, he can do nothing else. Also it is to provide what Matthew Arnold called a criticism of life—it is to teach, not by didacticism but by illumination. And what is he to teach? No arid and abstract doctrine, that operates monstrously in the vacuum of its own creating, and leaves our dear warm intimate ridiculous human experience untouched—but the lesson of rhythm, of music, a gathering together into understanding of the vague and various forces of the world. Because of this, it seems possible that a satisfying tripping measure, a pleasant competent triviality, may, for all its evanescence, catch that which the groping fingers of genius sometimes miss. Of course, when genius finds what it is seeking, there is no further question: that is triumph, that is art. But does one book in a hundred—does one book in a thousand—challenge measurement by the scales of eternity? Is not our choice constantly between the small achieved and the tremendous missed? And, of the two, has not the former a more essential harmony? Does it not at least please while we notice it, however easy it would be not to notice it at all? Whereas the latter—does not that insistently challenge us with the doubt why it should have been produced, and leave the doubt tantalizingly unresolved? Is there not another point of view besides Browning's?

Mr. Stacpoole's '*Vanderdecken*' is just one of those novels that are, from the high artistic standpoint, entirely negligible. It is written with an easy assurance which, in an author less tried, seasoned and approved, might be called "cheek." It makes all the obvious and hackneyed appeals to the most conventional senses of romance, of humour, of pathos: but somehow it does it so well. All the little insignificant points fit together with a click: the machine works. The restless millionaire, the restless business adventurer, the restless buccaneer, the film-star—the contrasted colours are blended as in one of those multi-coloured tops that, spinning, seem to stand white and still. And then the sheer romance of the place-names! How those voyagers "left the latitude of Guadeloupe behind, raising Eugenio Point and the heat-hazy coast that stretches to Cape San Pablo"! An obvious trick? But legitimate: Milton was not above it:

Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.

It may be that everything's in a name so long as you are unfamiliar with it—that a respectable resident, silent upon a peak in Darien, would thrill with strange longings at the summons of Clapham Common or Tooting Bec—and, if so, here is a chord of human nature which Mr. Stacpoole is wholly at liberty to strike with his precise and empty prestidigitation. All the same, I have read work of his which moved me in quite a different way—work that did not make a business of romance.

In contrast, consider the ambitions of Mr. Laurence and Mr. Brighouse. They both have to be taken seriously. Mr. Laurence belongs to that tiny group of contemporary writers about whom one wonders whether they may not some day produce something

that can reasonably be called great. Indeed, there are critics who call him great already. As for Mr. Brighouse, he has subtlety and wit—but how much better it would be if he had never read Meredith, if he had never read anything! Culture clamours at us from his pages; it interrupts his narrative; it drenches his readers with the spray of allusion and implication. He has an exquisite theme (if one overlooks the banality of patent-medicine vending). His game is to show how a haunted and perverted conscience can mould the life-history of a good, kind, simple, flamboyant maker of money and splashes of advertisements: how sensitive and idealistic is the vulgar soul. He is as skilful as Mr. Stacpoole; only, because he has attempted something for which mere skill will not suffice, the cleverness quarrels with the vision instead of giving it substance, and the whole fails precisely because it tries so hard. One cannot here judge as of a surface comedy; and the depths do not respond. There is too much mere manner:

Alert, suspecting dry-rot, he caught her as she stumbled forward. The stairway sagged; they were for a few moments in real peril, but Mr. Bassett was in heaven. He had his arm about her.

There was (if you must look for it) absurdity in that. Two tread more heavily than one, and where dry-rot is in question light going is called for. Again, if it came to jumping for it, linked jumping is a reckless enterprise, while Audrey, of the gymnasium, knew how to fall softly. They did not think of these things, and, indeed, to put one's foot in powder, expecting solid oak, is a scattering of wits. She found his arm a comfortable thing.

Meredith-and-water! But Mr. Brighouse is a serious wit; and to say that is to say a great deal.

In Mr. Laurence's new book there are three stories. The first is about an English lady who falls in love with a Bohemian prisoner-of-war because he compels a part of her nature which her husband's devotion leaves untouched: the second is about two girls who run a farm together, until one of them falls in love with a soldier who compels her acquiescence and incidentally kills her friend: the third is about a neurotic English officer who compels the subservience of a German lady. To state baldly the themes of these rich and intricate studies, where atmosphere is so painstakingly (and therefore, in effect, so painfully) accumulated, is of course to state almost nothing: and yet there is significance in this morbid harping on the idea of compulsion. It is the measure of Mr. Laurence's importance that one feels bound to ask what he means, why he writes. He does not write as a tradesman: he does not write to pass the time. He has, somewhere, a purpose, an idea, a philosophy of life. Not that one demands of the artist an *explicit* philosophy of life: Mr. Laurence's main fault is that he is too much occupied with explicitness, with some theory external to his art. When a story is really great, it need and can be nothing but itself: its own rhythm suffices. But Mr. Laurence, always desperately and breathlessly attempting achievement of that magnitude, fails because he has no rhythm of his own. His incidental writing is often beautiful; but it has no right to be incidental. The things that happen might as well not happen, or happen differently: the essence, the inevitability, is not there. Mr. Laurence is expostulatory about life instead of illuminating. One of his characters characteristically says:

"... If a woman loves you, she'll make a doll out of you. She'll never be satisfied till she's made your doll. And when she's got your doll, that's all she wants. And that's what love means. And so, I won't be loved. And I won't love. I won't have anybody loving me. It is an insult. I feel I've been insulted for forty years: by love, and the women who've loved me. I won't be loved. And I won't love. I'll be honoured and I'll be obeyed: or nothing."

It is like the tantrum of a baby: the dreadful thing is that we are, apparently, meant to consider it impressive. This revolt against the natural mutuality of love, this insistence on a false dominance, is constant with Mr. Laurence. Hence his characters are not characters, but lay-figures enunciating nonsense; and his genius, gone astray, fails to interpret life.

Competitions

PUBLISHERS' PRIZES

For the Acrostic and Chess Competitions there are weekly prizes:—In each case a Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES.

1.—The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page in our first issue of each month.

2.—The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are equally correct, or of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication in the case of Acrostics, and the Thursday following publication in the case of Chess.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 56.

OF MORTALS BORN IN EIGHTEEN-TWENTY-THREE,
WHAT FRENCHMAN HOLDS A HIGHER PLACE THAN HE?

1. When great Sesostris reigned, it was in fashion.
2. He holds an ace! Him some will stake their cash on.
3. Eager to learn and useful hints to pick up.
4. What need of teeth, when ants by scores we lick up?
5. Pennies to save, he goes to bed at sundown.
6. Take one by all means, if you're feeling run down.
7. So bad his verses, that, like mine, they pain you.
8. Lop at each end what no applause may gain you.
9. Lump of pure gold—has banished nasty blacking.
10. Strike one you may, but half you must send packing.
11. In tribes like these the love of home seems lacking.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 54.

VICTORIAN NOVELIST AND BOOK.

1. *Rivale* grows beside yon brook.
2. A little Tuscan town behold.
3. In Persia revered of old.
4. Exact, unyielding, stern, austere.
5. This demon we no longer fear.
6. A mineral not hard to break.
7. On horses here our coins we stake.
8. Mother of twins who shine above.
9. He'll harbour you, but not "for love."
10. Reverse a bird that sings in May.
11. "Fishes' physician" old wives say.

Solution of Acrostic No. 54.

G eu M¹
E mpol I
O rmuz D
R igi D
G hou L
E uclas E²
E pso M
L ed A
I nnkepe R
O okcu C
I enc H³

- 1 *Geum rivale* is the Water-Avens.
- 2 A mineral of the beryl family; its name signifies *easily broken*.
- 3 "I shall tell you next," says Isaac Walton, "that the tench is the physician of fishes, for the pike being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the tench. And it is observed, that the tyrant pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him, though he be never so hungry."

ACROSTIC No. 54.—The winner is Mr. E. O. Horner, 107 Maple Road, Surbiton, who has selected as his prize 'Official History of the War. Sea-borne Trade. Vol. II.' by C. Ernest Fayle, published by Murray and reviewed in our columns on March 17 under the title 'Trade in the Sea War.' Twenty-one other competitors wanted this book, 25 'A Naturalist's Holiday by the Sea,' 24 'On,' and 21 'Great and Small Things.' Seven other books were asked for.

Correct solutions were also received from B. Alder, Mrs. Yarrow, Gay, D. W. Gurney, N. O. Sellam, C. O. R., W. Sydney Price, R. H. Keate, Doric, J. A. Johnston, F. M. Petty, M. Bigham, J. Sutton, R. Ransom, Druid, Craven, Lethendy, F. I. Morcom, Sol, C. R. Price, Mrs. W. H. Myers, Glamis, Isabel Cameron, Carlton, Stucco, Nyleve, Lionel Cresswell, Lilian, Baitho, Merton, C. A. S., and Brum.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Errant, J. Kemp-Welch, Mrs. Culley, M. Kingsford, Trike, Mrs. Harold Attenborough, Miss Finley, Lady Ross, Lady Seymour, Varach, G. H. Rudolph, Lance, H. Hughes, Major Churchyard, Dolmar, Farsdon, Spican, Gunton, Iago, Eldav, C. J. Warden, Miss Chamier, K. A. Jones, C. H. Burton, Mrs. Fardell, Vichy, Jeune, Old Mancunian, A. de V. Blathwayt, L. M. Maxwell, Sylvia M. Groves, Lady Yorke, Miss Beatrice Sherwin, Vixen, Zaggie, Arrow, Rho Kappa, Henry S. H. Ellis, Mrs. J. Butler, Macgrotty, St. Ives, John Lennie, Fralan, Cabbage, Estramadurite, and J. Gatkin.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: W. J. Younger, Monks Hill, Oakapple, Madge, Lady Duke, J. I. Craig, H. F. M., Boskerris, Mrs.

Sparrow, J. Chambers, Margaret, Papeg, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Miss Kelly, J. C. Thomson, and J. R. Turner. All others more.

J. I. C.—No, but one coupon cannot win two prizes.
OLD MANCUNIAN.—Littoral accepted. I cannot admit that Earthenware is a mineral, though it is manufactured from mineral matter. Pallas Athena is not a single word, therefore inadmissible as a "light." (According to my reading of the Iliad, Pallas prevailed upon Hector to fight with Achilles, who prevailed over him.) If my reference to 'The Antiquary' has led even a single solver to read or re-read one of the most delightful of romances, I shall have done some service.

W. S. P.—G.'s point was that we saw "light" in their midst. If you lay stress on "the object in their midst," then I answer that we see not only what is in their midst, but everything that reflects the light to our eyes. As I look at the sea with the sun shining on it, the most brightly illuminated part is that which is least visible.

MACGROTTY.—Your Lights 6 and 11 were both wrong (Thoughts and Remorse). Cauliflower's solution was belated, and acknowledged last week.

N. O. S.—In a wider sense "cates" means "food, viands, provisions." You ask whether any dainties or delicacies can accurately be described as tasteless. What about the "boneless Bath chaps" that have almost supplanted the old kind? And what percentage of twentieth-century hams have any flavour in them?

J. GATKIN and ORYNTHIA.—New solvers are always welcomed.

A resident in Alexandria would like to know the name of the best dictionary and other books of reference useful for solving our Acrostics. Will some experienced solvers kindly let me know what they recommend?

L. C.—I should prefer Pallas Athena to Pallas Minerva, but see my answer to Old Mancunian. One meaning of *rife* is "common," and the word *if* forms the "heart" of *rife*. These "quirks and quibbles" are part of the stock-in-trade of acrostic-writers. If the narwhal has not the sense to make use of its tusk as a weapon of offence when occasion arises, so much the worse for it.

No. 53.—Two Lights wrong: Ripa.

CHESS

GAME No. 21.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

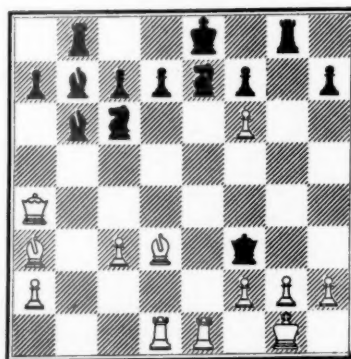
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P — K4	P — K3
2. P — Q4	P — Q4
3. Kt — QB3	Kt — KB3
4. B — KKt5	B — K2
5. B x Kt	B x B
6. Kt — B3	Castles
7. B — Q3	P — QKt3
8. P — KR4	B — Kt2
9. P — K5	B — K2
10. B x P ch	K x B
11. Kt — Kt5 ch	K — Kt3
12. Kt — K2	B x Kt
13. P x B	P — KB4
14. P x P e.p.	R — R1
15. Kt — B4 ch	K — B2
16. Q — Kt4	R x R ch
17. K — Q2	P x P

How does White win? For the best answer to this question the usual Weekly Book Prize is offered.

GAME No. 19.

Position after Black's nineteenth move:

Black, DUFRESNE.



White, ANDERSEN.

(Continued on page 441.)

Greedy Corner

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

In future, as notified in this week's Greedy Corner, replies to inquiries will be given only through this column. Coupons and the names and addresses of inquirers will still be required, but it will no longer be necessary to enclose stamped addressed envelopes.

RICE DISHES.

J. W. D. (Holland Park); Major B. (Cirencester); E. T. (Kingston Hill); W. L. W. (Alsager); V. W. (Dorking); Mrs. D. (Leicester); R. S. T. (Exmouth); S. (Constitutional Club); D. B. (Glasgow); V. Y., and Julia—See below.

Risotto. Fry an onion. Add 8 oz. of rice, unpolished rice if obtainable. Add a little saffron and stand the rice where it will get only very gentle heat. Pour in, little by little, letting each addition be absorbed before the next is made, about one pint of *consommé*. Cover and cook, aiming to keep the preparation creamy. Finish with small pieces of butter and some Parmesan cheese. Risotto often includes fowl's livers, which go particularly well with it. It may be effectively garnished with very thin slices of white truffle or with small pieces of lean ham. Tomato sauce may be used in its preparation.

Pilau. Strictly Oriental recipes need not be followed. The essential is that the rice be cooked in stock and that raisins, sultanas and currants, or raisins, almonds and blanched pistachio nuts be introduced at a late stage into the dish. The meat may be mutton, but a boiling fowl gives the best results.

Ris aux Piments Doux. Stuff pimentos with partly cooked rice and braise them in good stock. (A thin *purée* of pimentos and rice is an excellent accompaniment to poached poultry.

Ris au Chocolat. Add 2½ oz. of chocolate to every lb. of *entremets* rice prepared as follows: Cook the rice in sweetened milk (two pints to every lb. of rice) and butter (2½ oz. to the lb. of rice), and after it boils give it a short stay in the oven, lastly thickening with egg-yolks (about 15 to the lb. of rice). The rice and chocolate being mixed, add the white of two or three eggs, well beaten up, and complete cookery in the oven. Serve a chocolate sauce with this, whether it be eaten hot or cold, combining whisked cream with the chocolate.

Mrs. L. (Southwold).—Glad the dinner we planned was successful.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S.—Cordial thanks for your kind remarks about "Saturday" Dinners: the series of articles is continuing. The potatoes your French military hosts gave you were made as follows: Make a plain paste of boiled potatoes by pressing them through a sieve and stirring them over a fire in butter. Add to this three-eighths its volume of unsweetened *Pâte à Choux*, made with flour and water (1 lb. to 1 pint), butter (4 oz. to every lb. of flour), and salt, which are boiled together and stirred over a moderate fire till the paste no longer sticks, when 10 to 12 eggs per lb. are very gradually, one or two at a time, worked into it. The two pastes being combined, the mixture is rolled out into little cylinders, which are then simply fried à l'Anglaise.

Mrs. B. O. (Harlow).—For *Œufs à la Tripe* you will require, per six eggs, half a pint of Béchamel sauce. Prepare this as follows: Put into saucepan three-eighths pint milk, as much white stock, one small onion, a little parsley, thyme and bay-leaf, six peppercorns, one blade of mace. Set on fire, melt 1 oz. butter, add ½ oz. flour, and before browning can begin pour on the hot milk, etc. Simmer, strain and finish with minute quantities of nutmeg, cayenne and salt. Same being ready, stew two chopped onions slightly in butter, pour on the Béchamel, and cook for 8 or 9 minutes. Pour this over slices of hard but not over-boiled egg, heat for a minute, and serve.

Mrs. G. (Old Charlton).—See above for *Œufs à la Tripe*.

Miss T. (Warren Wood).—Try *Œufs en cocotte Jeanette*. Line the *cocottes* with chicken forcemeat mixed with *foie gras* and a little cream. Break an egg into each. Cook by placing them, covered, in a vessel containing water not quite up to their brims and putting in oven.

Many correspondents are being answered direct by post this week, but will they kindly note the new arrangements?

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTERS

Melody of God, The And other papers. By Desmond Mountjoy. 84 x 5½. 262 pp. Constable: 15s. net.

Theatre of To-morrow. By Kenneth MacGowan. 308 pp. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin: 21s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA

Whispering. By Robert Graves. 7½ x 5, 72 pp. Heinemann: 5s. net.

Arthur: A Tragedy. By Laurence Binyon. 127 pp. Heinemann: 6s. net.

HISTORY

History of Engraving and Etching, A. From the Fifteenth Century to the Year 1914. By Arthur M. Hind. xviii + 487 pp. Illustrated. Constable: 42s. net.

Life Story of a Humanist, The. By F. J. Gould. 7½ x 5. Illustrated. 172 pp. Watts: 4s. 6d. net.

Mind of the "Spectator" under the Editorship of Addison and Steele, The. By Canon G. S. Streetfield. With a foreword by the Rt. Rev. A. A. David, D.D., Bishop of Edmundsbury and Ipswich. 207 pp. T. Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.

Princesses, Dames et Aventurières Du Règne de Louis XIV. Orné de six portraits par Stab. Par Th.-Louis Latour. 410 pp. Illustrated. Figuière (Paris): 15s. 6d. net.

Russian Revolution, The. By Albert Rhys Williams. viii + 311 pp. Illustrated. Labour Publishing Co.: 7s. 6d. net.

Sanderson of Oundle. A memorial of the Life and Teaching of a Great Headmaster. vii + 386 pp. Illustrated. Chatto and Windus: 12s. 6d. net.

World Crisis, The. 1911-1914. By the Rt Hon. Winston S. Churchill. 536 pp. Maps and Charts. Butterworth: 30s. net.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Psychology of Laughter and Comedy, The. By J. Y. T. Greig. M.A. 304 pp. Allen and Unwin: 12s. 6d. net.

POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY

American Standard of Living, The. By Rosalie Jones, M.A., D.C.L. 9½ x 6, xix + 330 pp. Cornhill Publishing Co. (U.S.A.): 3 dollars net.

SPORT AND TRAVEL

Down the Yellowstone. By Lewis R. Freeman. 282 pp. Illustrated. Heinemann: 21s. net.

FICTION

Ambitious Lady. By J. S. Fletcher. 7½ x 5, 312 pp. Ward, Lock: 7s. net.

Ann's an Idiot. By Pamela A. Wynne. 7½ x 4½, 408 pp. Philip Allan: 7s. 6d. net.

L'Assassiné. Par André Beaunier. 385 pp. Flammarion (Paris): Frs. 7 net.

Au Seuil du Bonheur. Par Paul Ginisty. 283 pp. Flammarion (Paris): Frs. 7 net.

Bright Shawl, The. By Joseph Hergesheimer. 220 pp. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.

Cliff-Path Mystery, The. By Headon Hill. 7½ x 5, 317 pp. Ward, Lock: 7s. net.

Ghent's Way. By C. C. and E. M. Mott. 7½ x 5, 304 pp. Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d. net.

Incoming Tide. By Janet Maitland. 255 pp. Melrose: 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Bailey-Martin, O.B.E. By Percy White. 7½ x 4½, 378 pp. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.

None-Go-By. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 310 pp. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.

Pipplin. By Archibald Marshall. 372 pp. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.

Prince Punnie. By A. W. Marchmont. 7½ x 5, 320 pp. Ward, Lock: 7s. net.

Quest of Youth. J. G. Sarasin. 7½ x 5, 288 pp. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

Red Vulture, The. By Frederick Sleath. 7½ x 4½, 288 pp. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

[COMPETITIONS continued from page 440.]

White won as follows:—

20. R x Kt ch	Kt x R (a)
21. Q x QP ch	K x Q
22. B — KB5 d ch	K — K1
23. B — Q7 ch	K — B1
24. B x Kt mate.	

If 20 (a)

21. R x QP ch	K — Q1
22. R — Q8 ch	K — B1
23. Q — Q7 ch	Kt x R
24. B — KB5 d ch	K x Q
25. B — Q7 mate.	K — B6 or K1

The winner of the Competition is Mr. Edwin Gardiner, 39 Writtle Street, Sheffield, who has chosen as his prize 'The Oresteia of Æschylus,' translated by R. C. Trevelyan, published by Hodder and Stoughton and reviewed by us on March 17 under the title 'The Trilogy of the Atridae.'

W. R. B.—An apology was quite unnecessary.

K. E. I.—It is very advantageous to play the games through, if only with a pocket chess-board. Most of the positions are too complicated to be worked out from the diagram. Our diagrams, by the way, will continue to show the problems, not the solutions.

S. C.—I have again called attention to the matter. Greatly regret delay.

Dr. E. L. P.—Many thanks for ending; I cannot explain the discrepancy.

Correct solutions of No. 19 also received from W. R. Burgess, Dr. C. Thackray, J. I. Craig, K. Ernest Irving, Woodlands, Dr. E. L. Pritchard, A. W. Yallop, H. S. R., and B. Goulding Brown. The following omitted to give Variation A:—Spencer Cox, G. Jacob, H. Westcott, C. J. Cole, and H. R. Cadman.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

April 1923

Episodes of the Month

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By CENTURION

(Author of "The Man Who Didn't Win the War")

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By VISCOUNT ESHER, G.C.B.

When Germany Occupied France

By STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

(Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*)

The Duty of an Advocate

By SIR CHARTRES BIRON

Delia and her Dog

By LADY FRANCES RYDER

Kenya: The Logic of Facts

By MAJOR EWART S. GROGAN, D.S.O.

Some Islands of Argyll

By SETON GORDON

The Devil and the Deep Sea

By G. W. P. McLACHLAN

Wellington College in the 'Seventies

By O. W.

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The World of Money

CONTENTS

The Business Outlook	443
Paper Money and Housing. By Hartley Withers	444
Investment Points and Pointers	445
New Issues	445
Stock Market Letter	446
Money and Exchange	447
Reviews	447
Dividends	447
Publications Received	447
Figures and Prices	448

All communications respecting this department should be addressed to the City Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 10 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.2. Telephone: London Wall, 5485.

The Business Outlook

March 29, 1923. 10 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.

INDICATIONS of the state of trade, as far as they can be relied on at this holiday season, continue to point to steady improvement. It is true that there has been some relapse in metal prices, but there was certainly a good deal of speculation behind their advance, and no one wants to see runaway rises in materials, or in anything else. The unemployment figures still indicate slow improvement in conditions; in fact, the decrease in the number of unemployed since the beginning of the present year is really remarkable, especially when we remember that it is practically coincident with the French adventure in the Ruhr, the economic effect of which was going, according to France's many critics, to be so disastrous for everybody. So far it does not seem to have hit us very hard, and even Germany is struggling along better than might have been expected. Mr. Baldwin told Captain Wedgwood Benn in the House last Monday, that "up to now there was no sign of trade as a whole from Germany falling off," and further explained that the German Reparation Recovery Act, which he had been asked to suspend, was bringing us £7,000,000 or £8,000,000 a year, and was, as far as he knew, "the only cash that was being paid in the form of reparations." Whether it is paid by the British consumer or the German exporter, the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not say.

CONDITIONS IN AMERICA

In a review of current market conditions, dated March 19, the National Bank of Commerce in New York observes that the true measure of the industrial, commercial and financial situation is the relation between physical output, productive capacity, and the actual movement of goods into final consumption. "There is conclusive evidence that physical output as a whole is at or near record rates. With unimportant local exceptions, labour is fully employed, and further marked increases in production seem unlikely unless conditions alter in directions which cannot now be foreseen. . . . Reviewing the situation as a whole, the conclusion seems safe that the output of industry is still passing promptly into the hands of ultimate consumers."

With stable prices and wages, there would be good reason to expect continuance of business activity at present levels. But prices and wages are rising, and "In this situation, it is pertinent to inquire as to exactly what is the significance of the frequent statements to the effect that further business expansion is to be anticipated. Unless there is available not only plant capacity but men to do the work, higher prices cannot result in an increased physical volume of goods. They are certain to have as their aftermath curtailed

purchasing by domestic consumers and lessened exports as a result of a domestic price level above that prevailing in other countries."

INDUSTRY AND THE RAILWAYS

An important speech was delivered last Tuesday by Sir Eric Geddes at Manchester on the subject of "Railways and Traders." The President of the Federation of British Industries began with an appreciative sketch of the really fine effort made by the railways in restoring their pre-war efficiency; but went on to argue, with a good deal of force, that they are charging their customers too much. "To-day," he said, "railway rates are roughly 75 per cent. above their pre-war level. This figure compares unfavourably with the general level of wholesale prices which, according to the economic figure, is 57 per cent. above pre-war. . . . Early in February this Federation called the attention of the Companies to their greatly improved financial position and a definite request has now gone to the Companies that without delay the rates, which now stand at 75 per cent. above their pre-war level, should be reduced to 33½ per cent. above the pre-war level. This may appear rather drastic having regard to the level of prices and to the wages bill of the Companies, but in my judgment the claim is one which merits the most careful consideration."

THE RAND IN 1922

In view of the strike of white miners early in 1922 any strict comparison of results with those of 1921 is not possible. Nevertheless, the statistics presented in the report of the Consulting Engineer to the Union Corporation are interesting. Calculated at the standard price the value of gold recovered on the Rand in 1922 was nearly £4½ millions less (the tonnage milled being 3,888,000 tons lower), and dividends declared fell by £1½ millions. Natives and Europeans employed show considerable decreases, and with regard to the latter the Consulting Engineer says that although the figure is unduly low it is also "an indication of the increased efficiency obtained as the result of the reorganization and improvement in discipline which followed the strike." In 1921 the white wages per ton amounted to 8s. 10d., but in 1922 they were reduced to 5s. 8d., a figure only 5d. per ton above that of 1914. The phthisis contribution of the mines remains high; in the case of Modderfontein Deep Levels for the six months ending December 31 the tax was equivalent to the charge of 16s. 1d. for each shift worked underground by a white man, or £251 a year per underground employee.

SHIPPING COMPANIES' BALANCE SHEETS

In the last twelve months there has been a tendency to make the balance sheets of shipping companies a little more informing, and we no longer have one great concern giving its assets lumped together in a single item. That there is still room for improvement is indicated by the recently issued report of Lamport & Holt, Ltd. Here, in the balance sheet under Property and Assets, are "Investments in Shipping, £6,602,228," and "General Investments, £1,570,899." The auditors' report contains no reference to these investments, either as to inspection or as to value. With regard to the investments in shipping, details of the composition of this item are probably not given from fear of disclosing information to competitors, but certainly something should be said as to the present value, and without an explanation the item "General Investments" has little significance. It may be that the Chairman will refer to these matters at the general meeting, but the principle that balance sheets should give the fullest possible information is extremely important and subsequent elucidation is not an effective substitute.

THE NATIONAL ACCOUNTS

In the week to March 24, revenue exceeded expenditure by £10½ millions and with one week of the financial year to run the surplus is £130½ millions. Floating Debt was reduced by £10½ millions, of which £1 million represented repayment of advances from Public Departments and £9½ millions reduction of Treasury Bills outstanding.

PAPER MONEY AND HOUSING

BY HARTLEY WITHERS

IN the SATURDAY REVIEW of March 10, an interesting and suggestive letter from Mr. T. B. Johnston put forward a scheme for the relief of unemployment and the building of much desired houses by the simple method of a Government note issue. Mr. Johnston is a well-known employer in the pottery trade, who has given much careful attention to the problems affecting his own industry and others. In the autumn of 1921 he had the courage to maintain, in a letter to *The Times*, that Germany, by depreciating her currency, was winning the trade of the world. This assertion was naturally questioned by those who believe that currency depreciation is not really a good road to economic prosperity, and Mr. Johnston proceeded in the following year to send to Germany a special investigator, who inquired into conditions there and published the result of his inquiries in a report, entitled, 'What is Germany Doing?'* It was an interesting and impartial account of what Mr. Surrey Dane, the inquirer chosen by Mr. Johnston, saw happening in Germany: it hardly bore out Mr. Johnston's contention that Germany was winning the trade of the world, but the whole incident showed Mr. Johnston's real sincerity and desire to arrive at truth.

Proposals put forward by an experienced manufacturer, who is also an earnest seeker after truth, have to be examined with respect, however unattractive they may be at first sight. At a time when most of the economic evils from which the world is at present suffering may be shown to have been, if not caused, considerably aggravated by the enormous mass of paper money in which our economic life has been smothered, the issue of a large amount of new paper money in order to cure unemployment seems to be a more than doubtful expedient. Mr. Johnston, however, faces his problem with all the necessary confidence. As he says, the immediate pressing problem is to get the million and a half now unemployed to work again. "At present they cannot get work because there is no purchasing power for their products, and until they get work, as matters stand, there is no method of obtaining the necessary purchasing power. It is now admitted that we cannot obtain this purchasing power through our export trade. We are spending, for the relief of unemployment, something like £100,000,000 per year in doles. These doles are just enough to keep people alive, but they leave no margin for the purchase of goods. Surely it would be far better business to spend a lump sum at once to set the machinery in motion again? If every unemployed man and woman could find to-morrow morning a £50 note on their breakfast table the trick would be done, for they would then immediately commence purchasing those goods of which they are so badly in need, thus providing the required work."

"If this is admitted, what is the practical way of putting the plan into operation? Surely it lies in the housing problem! There are thousands of houses required, and there are thousands of persons anxious and willing to produce the materials and to build the houses. I would suggest that the Government should provide the money by the issue of notes (i.e., loan without interest)."

*Simpkin, Marshall. 6d. net.

Mr. Johnston, with his usual fairness and candour, proceeds to admit that the cry of inflation, and consequently increased prices, would be raised. He meets it by observing that inflation is the printing of notes without corresponding goods against those notes. In this case the notes would be earmarked for the building of houses and the goods would be forthcoming. This is, of course, true enough, but the notes would apparently be forthcoming at once if they are to provide the cure that Mr. Johnston desires, whereas the houses would not come into being for some months, not to say years, so that in the meantime there would be a considerable increase in notes without a corresponding addition to goods ready for market. Mr. Johnston proceeds, however, to observe that the only way in which an increase of prices might come about would be through the great demand that might ensue for bricklayers, masons, carpenters, plumbers, etc., and also for bricks and other materials. This increased demand might increase wages and also lead to rising prices for materials. We should then again be in a vicious circle, with rising prices and wages. But it would be a quite reasonable thing for the Government to say to the Trade Unions, "If we undertake to supply this money, you on your part must enter into an agreement that the present wages shall be stabilized for twelve months," and the Government should also insist on a similar agreement with the makers of bricks, etc., stabilizing their prices. If this suggestion were adopted, Mr. Johnston tells us, the unemployed would become employed, people who want houses would be able to get them, the nation would be richer by the creation of the houses, the purchasing power thereby distributed in wages would increase the employment in other trades, the taxpayer would bear no additional burden and when the capital expended had been redeemed in say, twenty, thirty, forty or fifty years, the rents still forthcoming would form a substantial relief to the local taxpayers.

It sounds an extremely pleasant scheme and Mr. Johnston puts its advantages before the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW with lucid effectiveness. But there seem to be a few difficulties in the way of its being carried out. Even if it be granted that the first and most difficult fence can be taken and that the Trade Unions concerned and the makers of the necessary materials each agree to stabilize, one cannot help feeling that the extra buying power which the creation of all this new Government paper had brought into being, must find an outlet somewhere if it is to be effective, as Mr. Johnston hopes, and that it consequently must put up prices in one direction or another. It would not be enough to stabilize merely the prices of the goods immediately affected. A scheme of complete stabilizing of the prices of all goods and services would surely be necessary if the rise in prices, which Mr. Johnston appears to admit to be undesirable, is to be stopped. Moreover, does it follow that any considerable number of the million and a half of unemployed whom Mr. Johnston wants to get back to work again would be willing or able to work on building houses, and if they were that they would be allowed to do so by the existing members of the building trade unions? It will be noted from the extract given above that what Mr. Johnston wants is that every unemployed man and woman could find to-morrow morning a £50 note on their breakfast table. Between this ideal object and the issue by the Government of notes for house-building purposes, there seem to be a very considerable number of steps, so much so that there is a good deal of doubt whether the goal would be finally reached. It was also part of Mr. Johnston's scheme that the houses should not be built either by the Government or by the municipalities direct, but "through contractors, the municipalities being responsible for the loans." This seems to mean that the municipalities would receive notes from the Government and lend them to contractors, guaranteeing the solvency of the contractors to the Government. But

how would these contractors stand? Under the scheme they would get certain money free of interest on condition that they built certain houses. Would anybody guarantee them that the houses were going to be let on terms which would enable them to pay back the loan and leave themselves the necessary margin to secure them a reward for the time and trouble that they have put into the work? Unless some such guarantee were also forthcoming, it does not seem to be by any means certain that the mere fact of being lent a certain amount of money without interest would be a sufficient inducement under present circumstances to make people set about building houses in view of the experience of house owners during the war and after-war period.

Interest and the tiresome necessity of paying for it make a problem which human ingenuity naturally desires to evade. Mr. Johnston's scheme, as he observes in his own letter, is a revival on a very large scale of the example, well known to students of economic textbooks, of the Guernsey Market, which was built by an issue of municipal notes which were retired as the rents of the market stallholders came in, and so apparently was built out of nothing. On a very small scale this way of providing capital can in fact almost work the miracle of making something out of nothing. In theory the addition of so much currency before the goods that it produces are ready for sale must tend to put up prices, with the result that the interest in effect is paid by the community as a whole or rather by those members of the community who ought least of all to be asked to pay for it, namely, those who are poorest and who are hardest hit by rises in prices of general commodities.

Attempts on the scale suggested by Mr. Johnston would clearly be open to this objection. He proposes to get over this difficulty by stabilizing certain prices, but the effect of this measure would surely be that other prices would be forced up and so instead of interest being saved and the taxpayer's burdens not being increased, what actually would happen would be that as in the war and at all other times of rising prices, sacrifice would be imposed on those least economically able to bear it, namely, those who are not strong enough to insist on a rise in their incomes at least parallel to the rise in prices. In a community composed of members whose wealth and income is more or less equal, such a scheme as Mr. Johnston's might be carried out without inflicting any serious hardship. As long as inequalities of wealth remain on their present scale, proposals for financing great schemes of betterment by printing paper money seem only too likely to result in increasing the sum of current economic injustice.

INVESTMENT POINTS AND POINTERS

WHEN markets seem dull and uninteresting is an opportunity to take one's bearings, for both with the investor and the speculator the continuous changing of fundamental circumstances comes into the reckoning. One presupposes that the investor's aim is not merely to make sure that his interest is secure, but also to safeguard and, perhaps, to improve the value of his capital.

For that purpose, unless satisfied with very low interest, he must look for appreciation in market value, seeing that practically the only alternative is depreciation. Herein lies the science of investment, the art of being able to tell, not always, perhaps, but nearly always, the broad trend of markets in the near future, as distinct from mere day to day movements. The operative factors are multitudinous, but fundamentally can be concentrated under four heads:

1. Politics, national and internal.
2. Economic circumstances, at home and abroad.
3. Trade conditions and prospects, general and individual.
4. Money situation and outlook.

To a very large extent these factors, of course, are not independent but interdependent, and it is necessary to gauge the effect of one upon the other, as well as their different bearing on the various markets of the Stock Exchange.

At the moment there seems to be a fair degree of unanimity that the *immediate* future promises continuance of recently prevalent general conditions, i.e., trade reviving but not attaining sufficient impetus materially to affect Bank rate. But, looking six months ahead, there is undoubtedly arising a clear division of thought, one school expecting further maintenance of present conditions, and another professing to see signs of sufficient progress in trade revival to bring about higher money rates in the autumn. The argument runs like this. The United States is enjoying a mild boom in trade, which, though probably of relatively short duration, will last sufficiently long to be reflected in other countries, and, also, the Franco-German impasse having brought many branches of industry to a standstill in those countries, the demand which they cannot fill for both home and abroad, will fall upon us to supply. Consequently that our trade will become very active by the autumn. It is admitted by this school that in such circumstances the activity will be unreal, temporary, and perhaps followed by a greater slump than we have just experienced.

Personally I incline to the moderate view. Quite probably an unhealthy fillip to certain important trades may be expected to continue, and the usual autumnal demand for money may temporarily raise its price, but the fundamental factors are still the same:

1. Recent great destruction of real wealth, hardly yet commenced, to be made good by development of new wealth.
2. Enormously expanded credit, fearing deflation by taxation, and which, feeling insecurity of foundations, seeks safety.

The corollary is lack of buying power in Russia, in China, in India, in Africa, in South America, in Germany, and now extending to France.

In such circumstances, even though we get a temporary concentration of available commerce, it is difficult to see the making of a trade boom to alter completely the trend of investment markets. On the contrary, the circumstances seem rather to favour the expansion of speculation, without which, as a matter of fact, there cannot be the great development of natural resources—the creation of new buying power—which is the undoubted need of the times.

Decisive (as distinct from sporadic) speculation—or, as the Americans would say, a great concerted "bull" movement—can hardly be expected to embrace trade, industry, or commerce, when the factor which generates demand, i.e., buying power, is lacking. From that trend of thought the obvious outcome is: Shall we see a coalescence of speculation, at present scattered and in embryo, concentrated naturally upon the development of some latent but valuable resource the opening up of which will facilitate the creation of the new wealth the world requires to resuscitate buying power?

Speculation, I know, is professedly anathema to many people. On the other hand, there are others who are frankly interested in and understand it, and realize that without it the world would be as little developed to-day as it was at the beginning. By these the whisper of a coming boom may not be taken amiss.

H. R. W.

New Issues

Four Per Cent. Treasury Bonds, 1931-1933. Issue of £15,000,000 at 94½. Interest on the Bonds will be exempt from Corporation Profits Tax.

Calcutta Improvement Trust. Issue at 93½ of £700,000 5½ per cent. Debentures, repayable at £100 in May, 1953. The loan is offered by the Board of

Trustees for the improvement of Calcutta with the sanction of the Government of India, and is secured upon the taxation, rents and other charges authorized to be levied by them within the Municipality of Calcutta, and thereunder ranks *pari passu* with other loans of the Board of Trustees as a first charge upon the properties vested in the Trust. The proceeds of the loan will be utilized in the acquisition of land. An excellent security of its class, quickly placed.

John Walker & Sons. Share Capital: 1,260,000 Ordinary and 1,500,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1. Loan Capital: £2,000,000 6 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock. Issue of £2,000,000 Debenture Stock at 99 and 1,499,993 Preference Shares at par. The Company will redeem the whole of the Debenture Stock on or before June, 1951, by a cumulative sinking fund to be applied in annual drawings at 102. The first drawing will take place on or about June 1, 1927. The Company reserves the right on six months' notice pay off at any time after June 1, 1928, all or (by drawings) any part of the stock outstanding at 103. The Company acquires the business of distillers and blenders of whisky, and merchants, proprietors of the famous trade mark "Johnnie Walker." The purchase consideration of £4,195,297 will be paid as to £2,835,000 in cash and as to £1,260,000 by the issue of the whole of the Ordinary Share Capital of the Company to the shareholders of the old Company, and the balance of £100,297 will be paid to the retiring directors. The assets, on which £2,000,000 Debenture stock is specifically secured, appear to be valued at about £514,000. "Documents of title" to six million gallons of whisky are to be held by the trustees, and there is a floating charge on all the assets, but they are liable to be charged as security to the bankers. The prospectus only shows average profits. The issue was quickly placed.

Esparto Paper Mills. Share capital, authorized £1,500,000, issued or to be issued £400,000: 6½ per cent. First Mortgage Debentures, £750,000 authorized. Offer for sale of £300,000 Debentures at 99 redeemable at 102½ per cent.; and 200,000 8 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 at par. The company, which was incorporated in February, 1922, has acquired the property and undertaking of the Carron Grove Paper Company, Limited, Denny, Scotland, which includes four modern paper-making machines having a normal weekly output of about 200 tons of finished paper. The prospectus is clear and informing and the securities offered look like reasonable investments in an industry that is subject to considerable fluctuations.

Minerva (Roumania) Oil Company. Capital, £500,000, in shares of £1, of which 160,000 are offered at par. The Company has been formed to acquire the whole of the share capital of the "Minerva" Societate Anonima Romana, etc., a Roumanian Company. Its properties have been favourably reported and the shares look like an interesting speculation.

Muar Itam Estates. This Company formed to acquire 865 acres in Johure, planted with rubber, practically all of which is mature, offered for public subscription at par 400,000 shares of 2s. each. Purchase consideration of £31,600 is payable wholly in cash and working capital available will amount to about £4,000.

Oriental Development Company. \$19,900,000 Thirty-year 6 per cent. Gold Debenture Bonds, with principal and interest unconditionally guaranteed by the Imperial Japanese Government, free of United States Income Tax to holders who are neither citizens of, nor residents in the United States. Principal and interest payable in United States gold coin in New York at the National City Bank of New York, Fiscal

Agent, and also collectable at the option of the holder in London in pounds sterling through the National City Bank of New York, London, or in Tokyo in yen through the International Banking Corporation, in each case at the current buying rate of the collecting office for sight exchange on New York. The company will covenant that principal and interest will be payable without deduction for any Japanese taxes, present or future, and shall be paid in time of war as well as of peace, irrespective of the nationality of the holder or owner and without any declaration as to citizenship. Price 92 and interest (New York terms) to yield 6.62 per cent. The company is not well known on this side but has had a prosperous career, and the Japanese guarantee makes the bonds interesting at the price.

Stock Market Letter

The Stock Exchange, Wednesday morning.

THE placidity of Stock Exchange markets is rippled by never so much as a domestic controversy within the walls of the House, or more than a few strokes of business per diem which just suffice to show that markets are alive. We go on doing a certain amount of trade in the Consol market each day, what with the Treasury Bonds and Jamaica series, though even this shows a tendency to diminish as Easter comes closer and closer. Of course, what we are all talking about is the probability of seeing things better next week. It is the same sort of flattering unction which we have laid to our souls for the past twenty-five years; in all likelihood, our fathers did precisely the same in their own days. It is doubtful, indeed, whether we believe that after Easter will bring the expected activity. We scarcely go so far as to think that the House will slide into anything like a boom. Yet there is just time for a few weeks animation before the traditional guillotine falls upon anything approaching animation in Stock Exchange business, and we have up to Derby Day to make what hay remains before the sun begins to shine too strongly.

We find a surprising amount of demand for good-class Preference shares, and the way in which the new issues are being snapped up, due as it is partly to "stag" efforts, is not entirely owing to the hope of somebody snatching a sixpenny profit from the sale of his allotment. I was rather surprised, by the way, to see that the Johnnie Walker prospectus went more or less unscathed amongst the critics. It seemed to me that there was a good deal to make the investor pause before he gave that whole-hearted support to the prospectus which it evidently received, judged by the prompt closing of the subscription lists. We shall see what other people think about it when the market opens and the price develops on its own lines after the first batch of "stags" has been shaken out.

Amongst the few remaining Preference shares which give a decent return on the money, there are some 7 per cent. of Mond Nickel, which, obtainable at 20s. 3d., pay £6 18s. per cent. on the money, with dividends due in February and August. The fact of the shares being non-cumulative is, of course, against them in the eyes of a good many people, although from the security point of view, the shares are well covered and look cheap. Van Den Bergh "B" 6 per cent. Preference at 18s. 9d., dividends in January and July, pay £6 8s., and the "C" shares, which are Sevens, and obtainable at 19s. 9d., yield a little over 7 per cent. on the money. Lipton Nines at 26s. 6d. still pay 6½ per cent., and Schweppe's 5 per cent. Pref. at 16s. 6d. afford just over 6 per cent., while Harrods Seven-and-a-half at 25s. yield the round figure. After this, there is not very much in the list which pays over 5½ per cent. on the money. Associated Cement Preference yield nearly 6 per cent., with dividends in March

and September, and these look tolerably cheap, compared with the Ordinary standing at 22s. 6d., because the conservative authorities look for a repetition of the previous 5 per cent. dividend on Cement Ordinary, which would make the return barely $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money at the present price. The announcement is due almost at once. Cements have come up lately with a rush, partly on the rumour that Americans were buying for control, partly on the assumption that the Government road-making programme will benefit such concerns tremendously. By the same token, Eastwoods have risen to 15s., and people are looking round to see in what other directions the road-making and housebuilding schemes are likely to advantage particular companies.

According to the terms of issue, Consols are redeemable at 100 on or after next Thursday. In my own experience as a stockbroker, I have come across people who really believed that the Government would pay off Consols at this price at this date, and, in writing answers to clients who put such questions, a broker has a lurking wonder as to what estimate of his capacity the client will retain. Unfortunately for holders of Consols, the sting of the clause lurks in the words "or after April 5, 1923." The Stock Exchange Official List puts "at Government option" against the quotation, which tends to throw into greater relief the certainty that Consols will not be repaid next Thursday at 100, but it may be there are some people who, up to this very week, are clinging to the idea that they will get 100 for their stock directly after Easter. At the present time there remains £276 millions stock in Consols; as against the £2,000 millions of 5 per cent. War Loan, the £401 millions Funding Loan and £353 millions Victory Bonds, while the Conversion Loan now tots up to £690 millions sterling of stock. The dramatic success which attended the issue of 4 per cent. Treasury Bonds sufficed to strengthen the Consol market, and the readiness of the public to subscribe to new issues is another reason which is quoted for the firmness shown by practically all the investment stocks round the House. Of this firmness it is safe to say that there will be no diminution when we reassemble "after Easter."

JANUS.

Money and Exchange

As was to be expected, money was very much wanted, with quarterly and holiday demands coinciding and the continued pressure of taxation using up supplies. Large amounts have been lent by the Bank of England, and the market has thus anticipated much of the cash that it will receive early in April from Government interest payments and maturing obligations. Discount rates have been rather firmer, improving trade and the position in America being more generally recognized as influences which may work for higher rates here. As to rates of exchange, sterling declined in New York and French and Belgian francs fell back appreciably.

Publications Received, etc.

The Miners' Next Choice. A leaflet issued in view of the threatened crisis in the mining industry, and which points out the disastrous results of another stoppage in the mines.

The Bulletin of the Federation of British Industries. Mar. 27. 1s.

Reviews

The Stock Exchange Official Intelligence, 1923. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne. 8os. net.

MOST people interested in joint stock finance are familiar with the scope of 'Burdett' which, in addition to being the authoritative work of its kind, is also the clearest and most concisely arranged. Within its 1,800 pages are to be found information relating to all active public joint stock companies, a copious index to previously issued volumes with regard to concerns no longer prominent, articles on Indian Finance and Company Law decisions in 1922, special chapters on Municipal and County Finance, Colonial Finance, British and Foreign Finance, the Railways Act, 1921, etc., and valuable statistical matter.

Our Unemployment Problem. By Capt. R. B. Crewdson. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. G. H. Roberts and a section on Emigration by Col. H. Page Croft. Economic Publishing Company. 2s. 6d.

HERE are the familiar causes of unemployment re-stated—over-production, high prices, labour indiscretions and, above all, the European political situation. Quotations from official publications, Professor Cassel and pronouncements of the Labour Party are freely given, together with statistics not always up to date, and in one instance inaccurate. "The volume of our foreign trade," says Capt. Crewdson, "is about 50 per cent. below that of 1913." Perhaps this is a misprint for 30 per cent. The practical solutions for our troubles comprise a great extension of co-partnership schemes, peace in Europe and emigration within the Empire. Col. H. Page Croft develops the last item and advocates that Great Britain should finance the building of railways in the Dominions and this money should be advanced on condition that the rails are made in British factories and, if possible, 50 per cent. of the rolling stock also, the other 50 per cent. being left for Dominion factories. The difficulty is to ensure that development of the countries proceeded at a rate which would speedily make the railways self-supporting; otherwise there is a prospect of great annual deficits. Settlers, under Col. Croft's scheme, would receive financial assistance to be repaid out of wages over a lengthy period. It may be that great numbers of our countrymen must go every year to the Dominions, but let us be certain that these are really surplus population and not the flower of our agriculture workers beggared by our failure to place English agriculture on an economic basis.

Dividends

ASSOCIATED PORTLAND CEMENT.—5 p.c. for 1922 on the Old and New Ord., as for 1921.

JOSEPH TRAVERS & SONS.—17½ p.c. for year ended Jan. 27, against 15 p.c. for 1921-22.

RIO TINTO.—Final 20 p.c., making 30 p.c. for 1922. The last dividend was 40 p.c. for 1919.

STEEL BROTHERS & CO.—Final 27½ p.c. tax free on Ord., making 40 p.c. tax free for 1922, as for the past six years.

UNION CORPORATION.—Final 16 p.c., making 24 p.c. for 1922, against 16 p.c. for 1921.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

London: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C. 2

Funds £26,401,000.

Income £8,046,000

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

Figures and Prices

PAPER MONEY (in millions)

	Latest Note Issues	Stock of Gold.	Foreign Assets.	Note Issue Feb. 28, 1922.	Note Issue end 1920.
European Countries					
Austria	Kr. 4,258,053	82,951	†	259,931	30,646
Belgium	Fr. 6,825	269	17	6,320	6,260
Britain (B. of E.)	£ 101	154	—	104	113
Britain (State)	£ 281	—	—	299	367
Bulgaria	Leva 3,884	58†	894	3,588	3,354
Czecho-Slov.	Kr. 8,788	824	475	10,744	11,289
Denmark	Kr. 448	228	9	441	557
Estonia	Mk. 1,300	610†	1,445	350	—
Finland	Mk. 1,533	43	—	1,442	1,341
France	Fr. 37,221	5,536	870	35,528	7,902
Germany (Bk.)	Mk. 4,272,511	1,005	—	120,026	63,806
„ other	Mk. 787,781	—	—	8,144	1,349
Greece	Dr. 3,149	—1,390	—	2,116	1,506
Holland (Bk.)	Fl. 937	582	—	987	1,772
Hungary	Kr. 75,697	?	—	26,758	14,308
Italy (Bk. of)	Lire 13,134	1,390†	13*	14,547	15,286
Jugo-Slavia	Dnrs. 5,354	64	264	4,638	3,344
Norway	Kr. 353	147	29	376	492
Poland	Mk. 1,177,301	43	38	247,210	49,362
Portugal	Esc. 1,047	9	38	748	611
Roumania	Lei 15,396	533	—	13,669	9,486
Spain	Pes. 4,084	2,525	37*	4,172	4,326
Sweden	Kr. 525	274	103*	579	760
Switzerland	Fr. 856	532	—	838	1,024
Other Countries					
Australia	£ 56	23	—	55	58
Canada (Bk.)	\$ 170	—	71	149	249
Canada (State)	\$ 269	165	—	277	312
Egypt	£E 33	3	—	33	37
India	Rs. 1,739	24	—	1,739	1,614
Japan	Yen. 1,261	1,275†	—	1,167	1,439
New Zealand	£ 8	8†	—	8	8
U.S. Fed. Res.	\$ 2,232	3,074	—	3,054	4,294
†Foreign Bills,	1,221,853	†Total cash.			

* Foreign Bills.

GOVERNMENT DEBT (in thousands)

	Mar. 24, '23.	Mar. 17, '23.	Mar. 25, '22.
Total dead weight	7,659,363	7,669,724	7,615,998
Owed abroad	1,071,363	1,071,363	1,084,152
Treasury Bills	630,955	640,790	893,861
Bank of England Advances	—	—	—
Departmental Do.	172,261	173,311	140,895

In the year to March 30, 1922, a nominal increase of about £80 millions in deadweight debt was due to conversions, and from March 30, 1922, to Oct. 31, 1922, a further addition of £134 millions is attributable to this cause.

The highest point of the deadweight debt was reached at Dec. 31, 1919, when it touched £7,998 millions. On March 31, 1921, it was £7,574 millions, and on March 31, 1922, £7,654 millions. During the fiscal year £88 millions was actually devoted to redemption of Debt.

GOVERNMENT ACCOUNTS (in thousands)

	Mar. 24, '23.	Mar. 17, '23.	Mar. 25, '22.
Total Revenue from Ap. 1	890,184	864,891	1,075,346
„ Expenditure „	759,926	744,994	1,040,687
Surplus or Deficit	+130,258	+119,897	+64,661
Customs and Excise	277,996	270,940	321,396
Income and Super Tax ...	365,847	353,100	377,648
Stamps	21,682	19,872	18,159
Excess Profits Duties	954	954	29,714
Post Office	51,900	51,150	54,500
Miscellaneous—Special ...	47,645	47,269	151,822

BANK OF ENGLAND RETURNS (in thousands)

	Mar. 21, '23.	Mar. 14, '23.	Mar. 29, '22.
Public Deposits	24,129	15,623	80,037
Other „	102,644	109,495	120,504
Total	126,773	125,118	150,541
Government Securities ...	48,529	48,452	46,319
Other „	72,436	70,650	97,931
Total	120,965	119,102	144,250
Circulation	123,198	122,996	122,719
Do. less notes in cur- rency reserve ...	100,748	100,546	103,269
Coin and Bullion	127,511	127,509	128,771
Reserve	24,063	24,263	24,502
Proportion	18.9%	18.3%	16.2%

CURRENCY NOTES (in thousands)

	Mar. 21, '23.	Mar. 14, '23.	Mar. 29, '22.
Total outstanding	280,955	281,240	800,351
Called in but not cancl'd.	1,495	1,497	1,654
Gold backing	27,000	27,000	28,500
B. of E. note, backing ...	22,450	22,450	19,450
Total fiduciary issue	230,010	230,293	250,747

BANKERS CLEARING RETURNS (in thousands)

	Mar. 21, '23.	Mar. 14, '23.	Mar. 29, '22.
Town	689,187	643,953	622,106
Metropolitan	28,494	27,698	29,325
Country	55,569	50,946	50,435
Total	773,250	722,597	701,866
Year to date	8,605,324	7,732,074	960,505
Do. (Country)	645,506	589,937	699,817

LONDON CLEARING BANK FIGURES (in thousands)

	Feb., '23.	Jan., '23.	Feb., '22.
Coin, notes, balances with	£	£	£
Bank of England, etc....	193,394	206,137	210,351
Deposits	1,686,831	1,736,124	1,847,789
Acceptances	77,023	76,531	63,352
Discounts	289,322	323,054	403,622
Investments	368,978	377,275	378,151
Advances	753,798	743,757	765,677

MONEY RATES

	Mar. 29, '23.	Mar. 22, '23.	Mar. 30, '22.
Bank Rate	%	%	%
Do. Federal Reserve N.Y.	3	3	4½
3 Months' Bank Bills ...	2½-7½	2½	3½-4
6 Months' Bank Bills ...	2½-7½	2½	3½-4
Weekly Loans	1½	1½	3

FOREIGN EXCHANGES (telegraphic transfers)

	Mar. 28, '23.	Mar. 22, '23.	Mar. 30, '22.
New York, \$ to £	4.68½	4.69½	4.36½
Do., 1 month forward ...	4.69½	4.70½	4.36½
Montreal, \$ to £	4.76½	4.78½	4.49½
Mexico d. to \$	25d.	25d.	26½d.
B. Aires, d. to \$	43d.	43½d.	44½d.
Rio de Jan., d. to milrs....	5½d.	5½d.	7½d.
Valparaiso, \$ to £	36.50	36.10	39.70
Montevideo, d. to \$	43½d.	43½d.	43½d.
Lima, per Peru, £	9 9/16 prem.	8 9/16 prem.	28 9/16 prem.
Paris, frs. to £	71.60	69.35	48.53
Do., 1 month forward ...	71.67½	69.41	48.53
Berlin, marks to £	97.500	97.500	1,431
Brussels, frs. to £	83.05	77.00	52.15
Amsterdam, fl. to £	11.88½	11.89½	11.57½
Switzerland, frs. to £	25.39	25.41	22.51
Stockholm, kr. to £	17.64	17.63	16.81
Christiana, kr. to £	25.92	25.97	24.63
Copenhagen, kr. to £	24.40	24.43	20.70
Helsingfors, mks. to £ ...	171	174½	218
Italy, lire to £	95	95	85½
Madrid, pesetas to £ ...	30.49	30.38½	28.23
Greece, drachma to £ ...	390	430	96½
Lisbon, d. to escudo	27½	2½d.	4½d.
Vienna, kr. to £	327,000*	330,000	32,500
Prague, kr. to £	168½	158½	237
Budapest, kr. to £	21,000	18,000	3,925
Bucharest, lei. to £	1,005 nom.	1,005	620
Belgrade, dinars to £ ...	450	435*	350
Sofia, leva to £	650	750	650
Warsaw, marks to £	195,000	190,000	17,000
Constnple, piastres to £	700	700	670
Alexandria, piastres to £	97½	97½	97½
Bombay, d. to rupee	16½d.	16 3/32d.	15½d.
Calcutta, d. to rupee	16½d.	16 3/32d.	15½d.
Hongkong, d. to dollar ...	28½d.	28½d.	29½d.
Shanghai, d. to tael	38d.	39½d.	38½d.
Singapore, d. to \$	28½d.	28 3/32d.	27½d.
Yokohama, d. to yen ...	24½	24 23/32d.	26½d.

*Sellers.

TRADE UNION PERCENTAGES OF UNEMPLOYED

	End Feb., 1923.	End Jan., 1923.	End Feb., 1922.
Membership	1,188,041	1,205,143	1,389,969
Reporting Unions	155,165	165,342	226,698
Unemployed	13.1	13.7	16.3

On March 19 the Live Register of Labour Exchange showed a total of 1,260,500 unemployed—a decrease of 199,500 compared with the end of January, and 479,264 less than a year ago.

COAL OUTPUT

	Mar. 17, 1923.	Mar. 10, 1923.	Mar. 3, 1923.	Mar. 18, 1922.
Week ending	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons.
	5,721,000	5,713,000	5,565,600	4,956,900
Yr. to date	60,465,000	54,744,000	49,031,600	52,437,000

IRON AND STEEL OUTPUT

	1923. Feb.	1923. Jan.	1922. Dec.,	1922. Feb.
	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons.
Pig Iron	543,400	567,900	533,700	300,100
Yr. to date	1,111,300	567,900	4,898,700	588,100
Steel	707,100	624,300	546,100	418,800
Yr. to date	1,331,400	624,300	5,820,500	746,300

PRICES OF COMMODITIES **METALS, MINERALS, ETC.**

	Mar. 28, '23.	Mar. 22, '23.	Mar. 30, '22.
Gold, per fine oz.	88s. 2d.	87s. 10d.	95s. 3d.
Silver, per oz.	32½d.	32½d.	33½d.
Iron, Sc'h pig No. 1 ton	£8.12.6	£8.12.6	£4.16.0
Steel rails, heavy "	£11.0.0	£10.10.0	£9.5.0
Copper, Standard "	£73.18.9	£75.0.0	£57.18.9
Tin, Straits "	£216.2.6	£223.17.6	£143.1.3
Lead, soft foreign "	£28.5.0	£28.7.6	£21.12.6
Spelter "	£35.12.6	£36.15.0	£25.8.9
Coal, best Admiralty	38s. 9d.	37s. 6d.	27s. 6d.

CHEMICALS AND OILS

Nitrate of Soda per ton	£13.7.6	£13.7.6	£16.0.0
Indigo, Bengal per lb.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	10s. 0d.
Linseed Oil, spot per ton	£43.0.0	£40.10.0	£36.0.0
Linseed, La Plata ton	£19.0.0	£18.5.0	£18.15.0
Palm Oil, Bengal spot ton	£38.0.0	£37.0.0	£33.0.0
Petroleum, w. white gal.	1s. 2d.	1s. 2d.	1s. 5d.

TEXTILES, ETC.

Flour, Country, straights	32s. 0d.	32s. 0d.	43s. 6d.
ex mill 280 lb.			
London straights ...	40s. 0d.	40s. 0d.	51s. 0d.
ex mill 280 lb.			
Wheat, English Gaz. Ave.	9s. 5d.	9s. 5d.	12s. 3d.
per cwt.			
Wheat, No. 2 Red Winter	144½ cents.	nominal.	142½ cents.
N.Y. per bush.			
Tea, Indian Common lb.	1s. 5½d.	1s. 5½d.	1s. 0d.

OVERSEAS TRADE (in thousands)

	Feb., 1923.	Feb., 1922.	—two months—	1923.	1922.
Imports	83,855	69,385	183,555	145,885	
Exports	57,510	58,335	124,449	121,482	
Re-exports	9,823	10,174	19,621	18,633	
Balance of Imports ..	16,522	876	39,485	5,770	
Expt. cotton gds. total	14,526	13,446	31,105	30,260	
Do. piece gds. sq. yds.	342,558	251,955	742,547	591,072	
Export woollen goods	5,113	3,966	11,328	8,997	
Export coal value.....	6,848	4,446	13,144	9,230	
Do. quantity tons	5,903	4,014	11,514	8,035	
Export iron, steel	5,226	4,665	11,176	10,525	
Export machinery	3,795	4,636	9,024	10,436	
Tonnage entered	3,099	2,579	6,995	5,485	
cleared	4,985	3,889	10,269	7,810	

INDEX NUMBERS

United Kingdom—	Feb., 1923.	Jan., 1923.	Dec., 1922.	Feb., 1922.	July, 1914.
Wholesale (Economist)	847½	860	861	948	579
Cereals and Meat	746	711½	706	640½	352
Other Food Products ..	1,201	1,205½	1,184½	1,037½	616½
Textiles	797½	739	805	696½	454½
Minerals	810	808	807½	936½	553
Miscellaneous	4,402	4,324	4,264	4,259	2,565
Total					

Germany—Wholesale

(Frankfurter Zeitung)	Feb. 1, 1923.	Jan. 1, 1923.	Dec. 1, 1922.	Nov. 1, 1922.	Feb. 1, 1914.
All Commodities	71,588	20,541	16,741	9,449	4,599

United States—Wholesale

(Bradstreet's)	Mar. 1, 1923.	Feb. 1, 1923.	Jan. 1, 1923.	Mar. 1, 1914.
All Commodities	13,9332	13,7236	13,7011	11,6001

FREIGHTS

	Mar. 28, 1923.	Mar. 22, 1923.	Mar. 30, 1922.
From Cardiff to			
West Italy (coal)	12/0	12/6	13/6
Marseilles "	11/9	12/0	12/9
Port Said "	12/6	13/0	14/6
Bombay "	15/6	15/6	21/0
Islands "	11/0	11/0	11/0
B. Aires "	14/6	18/6	16/8
From			
Australia (wheat)	37/6	37/6	47/6
B. Aires (grain)	22/0	21/8	22/8
San Lorenzo "	23/6	23/0	25/0
N. America "	3/0	3/0	3/9
Bombay (general)	28/0	27/0	22/0
Alexandria (cotton-seed)	10/0	10/0	12/0

TRADE OF COUNTRIES (in millions)

		1922.		+ or -
COUNTRY.	Months.	Imports.	Exports.	Exports.
Austria	Kr. (gld.) 12	1,591	1,047	— 544
Denmark	Kr. 12	1,448	1,173	— 275
Finland	Mk. 1*	306	199	— 107
France	Fr. 1*	2,144	1,696	— 448
+Germany	Mk. 9	4,543	2,925	— 1,618
Greece	Dr. 10	1,790	1,204	— 786
Holland	Fl. 1*	170	91	— 89
Sweden	Kr. 1*	88	65	— 23
Switzerland	Fr. 9	1,356	1,318	— 38
Australia	£ 1*	12	10	— 2
B. S. Africa	£ 10	41	21	— 20
Brazil	Mrs. 8	962	1,343	+ 381
Canada	\$ 1*	68	65	— 3
Egypt	£E 9	31	28	+ 3
Japan	Yen. 12	1,859	1,595	— 264
New Zealand	£ 8	21	31	+ 4
United States	\$ 12	3,116	3,832	+ 716

*1922

*1923.
†The method of calculation now adopted by the German Statistical Office is to express the trade figures in Gold Marks based on the world market prices and the Dollar rate of exchange.

SECURITY PRICES **BRIT. AND FOREIGN GOVT.**

	Mar. 28, '23.	Mar. 22, '23.	Mar. 30, '22.
Consols	59½	59½	56½
War Loan 3½% ...	95½	95½	93
Do. 4½% ...	99	98	94
Do. 5% ...	101½	101½	98½
Do. 4% ...	100½	100½	99½
Funding 4% ...	88½	90½	84½
Victory 4% ...	91½	91½	88½
Local Loans 3% ...	66½	66½	63½
Conversion 3½% ...	77½	77½	73½
Bank of England	249	247	230
India 3½% ...	68½	68½	62½
Argentina (86) 5% ...	100½	100	97½
Belgian 3% ...	64½	64½	70
Brazil (1914) 5% ...	73	74	70½
Chilian (1886) 4½% ...	86	86	77
Chinese 5% '06	96½	96	91½
French 4% ...	22½	24½	35½
German 3% ...	19/0	19/0	2½
Italian 3½% ...	20	20	24
Japanese 4½% (1st)	99½	99½	103
Russian 5% ...	10½	10½	13

RAILWAYS

Caledonian	69	15½	—
Great Western	113½	112½	94
Ldn. Mid. & Scottish ...	112½	112½	—
Ldn. & N.E. Dfd. Ord....	36½	35½	—
Metropolitan	70½	68	39½
Metropolitan Dist.	53	52½	32
Southern Ord. "A"	39½	38½	—
Underground "A"	9/3	9/3	6/9
Antofagasta	80½	80	52
B.A. Gt. Southern	87½	87½	67½
Do. Pacific	84	84½	46
Canadian Pacific	158½	159½	157
Central Argentine	77	77½	57
Grand Trunk 4% Gtd. ...	81	80	—
Leopoldina	32½	33½	25½
San Paulo	138½	135	108
United of Havana	72½	73	56

INDUSTRIALS, ETC.

Anglo-Persian 2nd Pref.	25/6	25/3	23/10
Armstrongs	18/9	19/3	13/9
Bass	35/0	35/0	28/9
Brit.-Amer. Tobacco	88/9	89/0	73/9
Brit. Oil and Cake	28/6	27/6	22/6
Brunner Mond	41/9	39/6	24/9
Burmah Oil	5½	5½	5½
Coats	64/9	64/0 x D	57/0
Courtaulds	64/3	62/3	37/0
Cunard	24/6	24/7½	18/6
Dennis Brothers	29/0	28/0	25/0
Dorman Long	17/6	18/0	16/0
Dunlop	9/3	9/6	6/4½
Fine Spinners	47/9	47/9	35/6
General Electric	21/0	19/6	20/9
Hudson's Bay	7½	7½	6½
Imp. Tobacco	79/6	80/0	57/6
Linggi	1½	1½	22/6
Listers	29/6	29/6	20/0
Lyons	4½	93/0	68/9
Marconi	2½	2 19/32	42/0
Mexican Eagle	1½	2	3½
Modderfontein	3 29/32	3½	3½
P. & O. Def.	315	312	300
Royal Mail	94	94	85½
Shell	4½	4 9/32	4½
Vickers	14/1½	14/9	8/9

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LONDON AND THAMES HAVEN OIL WHARVES

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves, Limited, was held on the 28th inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street.

Lord Kysant, G.C.M.G., who presided, said that this was the twenty-fifth annual meeting and the company had progressed steadily and continuously since its inception. It was gratifying, on the completion of a quarter of a century's work, to be able to issue a report and accounts which registered a high-water mark in the company's annals as regarded the strong and satisfactory financial position in which they found themselves. The directors recommended the payment of a final dividend of 5 per cent., making 10 per cent. for the year, free of income-tax, the same as for the previous three years, carrying forward £67,469, as against £61,202 for the previous year.

At Thames Haven they possessed the biggest tankage capacity in the world for the public store of oil. They had a most up-to-date plant for handling, distilling, and refining oil, under the superintendence of a highly efficient and technical management, whose services were placed unreservedly at the disposal of the trade. The capacity of the tankage owned by the company now amounted to over 158,000,000 gallons. Expressed in tons of water, this meant over 700,000 tons capacity.

Their sixth jetty at Thames Haven was now practically complete. This would give them four deep-water jetties, alongside which the largest vessels could safely lie afloat and discharge or take in cargoes, besides two jetties suitable for small craft only. They had ample railway and road facilities, tank wagons, barrel-filling plant, and canning plant, whilst they raised their own water and generated their own electricity for power and lighting.

Their refineries were capable of handling up to 5,000 tons of crude oil every twenty-four hours. During the year under review they had landed considerably over 1,000,000 tons of oil products.

It was recently announced in the Press that Thames Haven was to be developed as a great oil port. Having been chairman of the company for nearly a quarter of a century, he was somewhat surprised at this statement, seeing that, as the result of their enterprise, Thames Haven was a great oil port. Whilst the company was certainly in an enviable good position, he might say that the statements which had appeared were without foundation. The directors had made it their consistent aim steadily to build up the business of the company as a well-managed and prosperous concern, carrying on a valuable public service, and they intended to continue working with this end in view.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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 HAROLD LLOYD in **"GRANDMA'S BOY."**

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NEXT THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY. 1.45 to 10.30.
"A PRINCE THERE WAS"
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HARRY CAREY in **"THE FOX"**
 "Latest Fashions of London and Paris," etc.
 Managing Director, SIR OSWALD STOLL.

Miscellaneous.

BOOKS.—Loie Fuller, Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life, 4s. 6d.; Westminster Cathedral, with 160 illustrations, 2 vols., as new, £3 3s.—for £1 2s.; Myer's Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death, 2 vols., £2 2s.; Green's History English People, profusely illustrated, 4 vols., 1892, £3 3s.; Walter's History of Ancient Pottery, 2 vols., £4 4s.—for £2 2s.; Seymour's Humorous Sketches with 86 Caricature Etchings, £1 1s.; Thiers' History French Revolution, 5 vols., calf gilt, 1838, £4 10s.; Who's Who, 1922, new copies, £1 2s. post free; Pater's Marius, 2 vols., 11s.; Miscellaneous Studies, 6s.; Œuvres de Molière, 1809, 8 vols., calf gilt, nice set, £2 5s.; Morley's Library English Literature, 5 vols., £1 1s.; Sykes' History Persia, 2 vols., 1921, £2 10s.; Gautier's Works, Edit. de Luxe, 12 vols., £5 10s.; Meredith's Works, fine set, 17 vols., £5; Surtees' Sporting Novels, 'Handley Cross,' etc., fine set, 6 vols., £5 10s.; The Tatler Illus. Journal, 46 vols., fine lot, £21; Lord Morley's Works, Edit. de Luxe, 15 vols., £15 15s.; Chaffer's Pottery and Porcelain, last edition, £2 10s.; Slater's Engravings and their Value, last edition, £2 2s.; Rupert Brooke, Collected Poems, Riccardi Press, 1919, £2; Baxter Prints: The Pictures of George Baxter, with 140 plates, just issued, £3 5s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. Send a list of books you will exchange for others. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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The Influence of the Reviews

American Opinion on their Value

The following leading article appeared in a recent issue of the *New York Financial Post* :

The latest London newspapers to reach America contain a denial of the announcement that the *Nation and Athenæum* had been sold, and that Mr. H. J. Massingham had resigned editorship. The news will be welcomed by even those American readers who dislike most strongly the hysterical tone into which the *Nation and Athenæum* sometimes falls. Its merger with the *New Statesman*, under the editorship of Clifford Sharp, for a time its supposed fate, would have left British journalism distinctly poorer. On the political side the *Nation and Athenæum* is more radical than the *New Statesman*; it has treated Lloyd George much more waspishly, Gandhi and Lenin much more kindly. It is well to have all parts of the gamut of opinion represented, and the Liberal Left could hardly find an abler exponent than Mr. Massingham. Each weekly has its specialities. To the *Nation* we have looked for admirable correspondence from Ireland and India; to the *New Statesman* for Dr. Schücking's German correspondence and well-informed labor articles by G. D. H. Cole and others. If the two were merged some of these features would die. So with the literary side. The writing of Rebecca West, Robert Lynd, and Desmond MacCarthy has distinguished the *New Statesman*; that of Middleton Murry and H. M. Tomlinson the *Nation and Athenæum*. Somebody would have to go.

English weeklies, like their American contemporaries, have been passing through a severe crisis. They have given an admirable lesson in journalistic resourcefulness in the way they have met it. The old *Nation* was much enriched by its union with the *Athenæum*, and comes near giving twice as much to its readers as before. Mr. St. Loe Strachey's *Spectator* has recently reduced its price to sixpence and improved its typographical form. Since the **SATURDAY REVIEW** passed into the editorship of Filson Young and Hartley Withers it has taken on new life in the most surprising way. Vigorous editorials, excellent reviews, and an unrivalled array of features—short stories, a weekly cartoon, and the best of financial pages—make it one of the most interesting of the weeklies. These periodicals have much influence in America as well as in the Dominions. Their prosperous continuance is greatly to be desired.